A POWER COMIC

WANT LAUGHS? WANT EXCITEMENT? YOU WANT...

SMASH!

No. 96
2nd DEC. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

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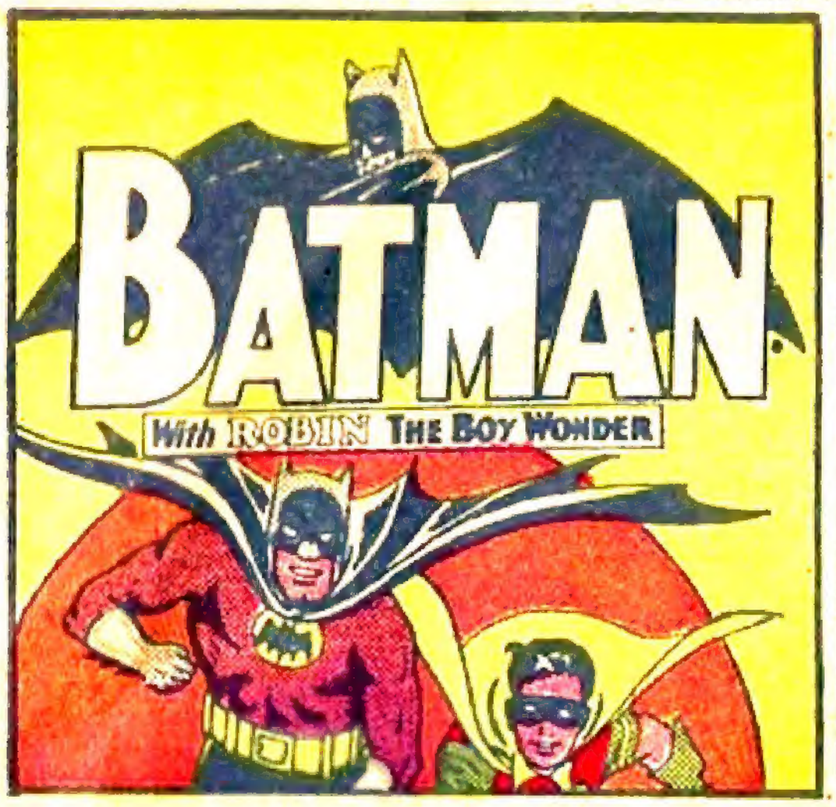

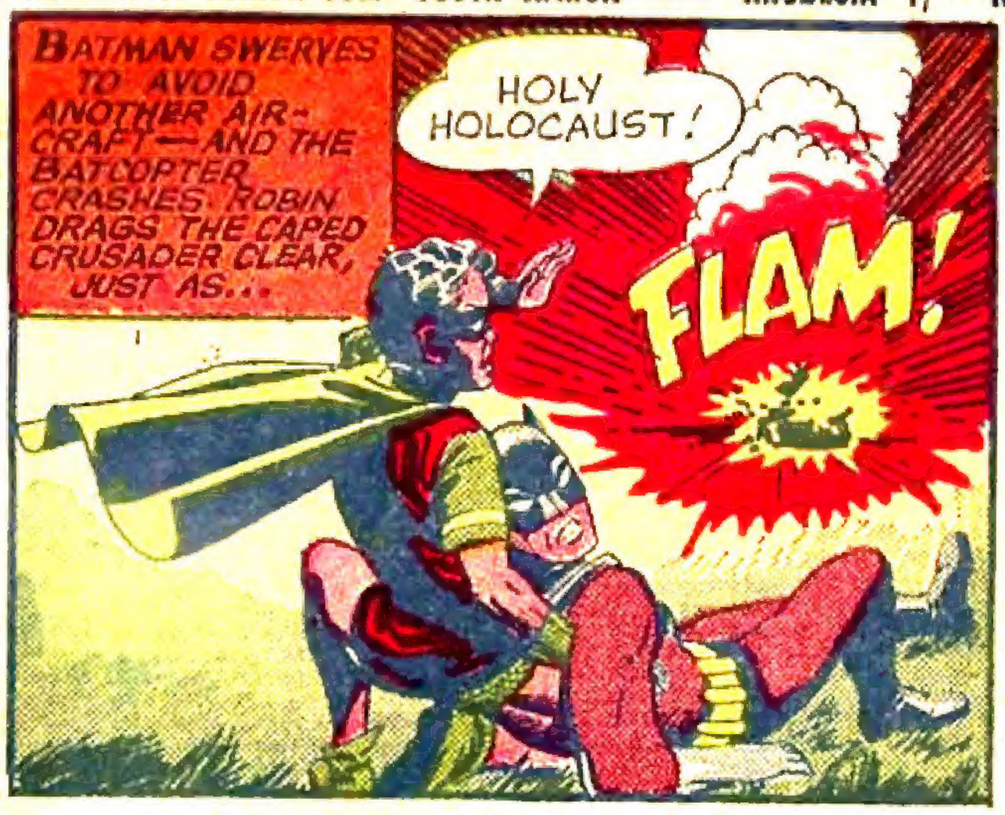

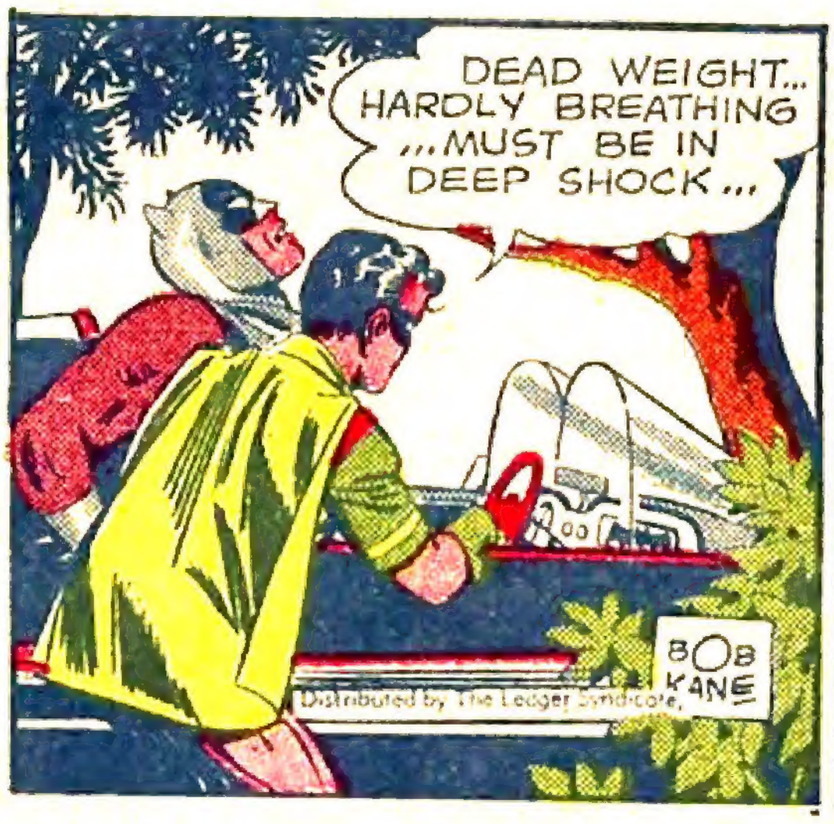

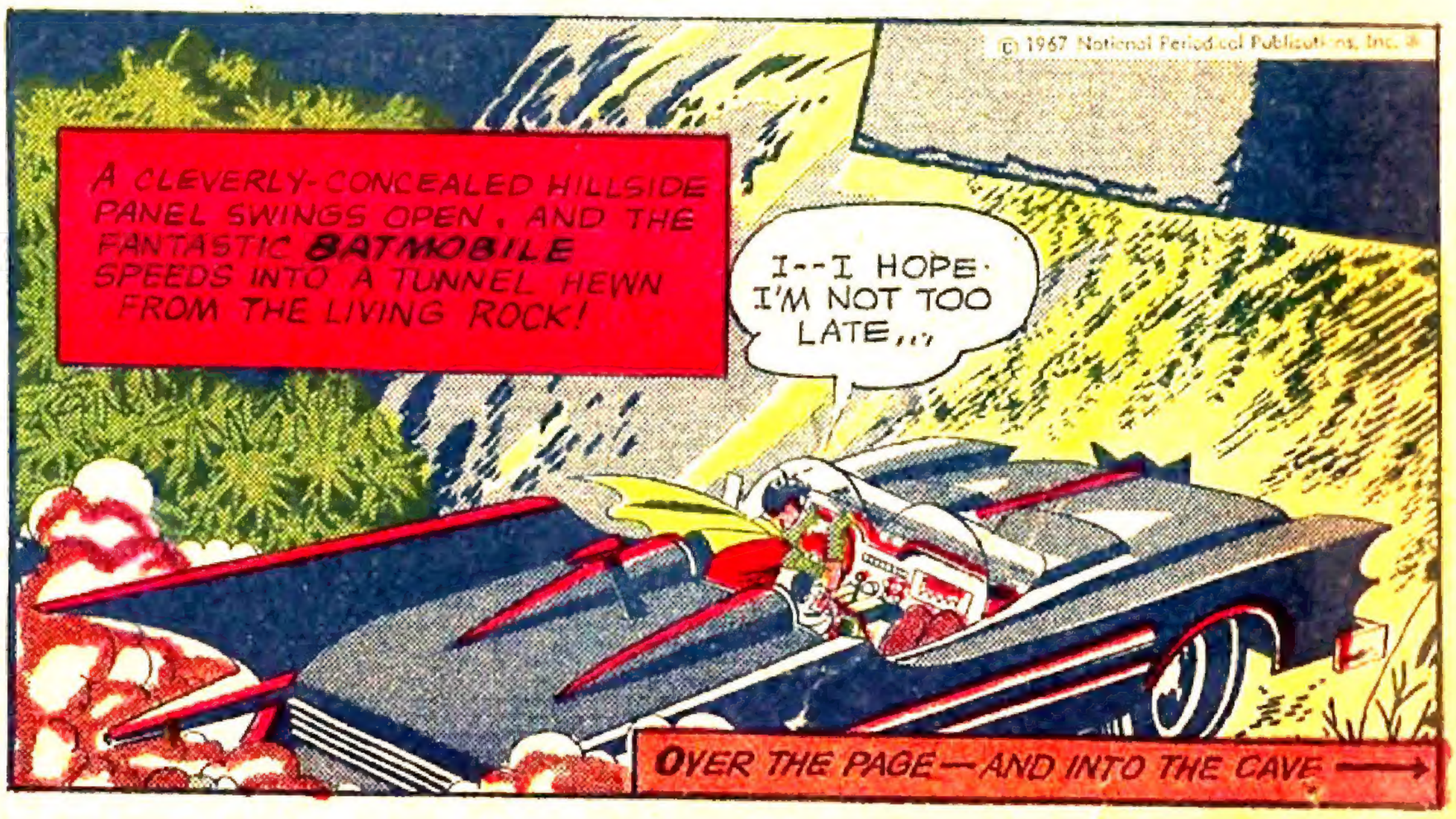

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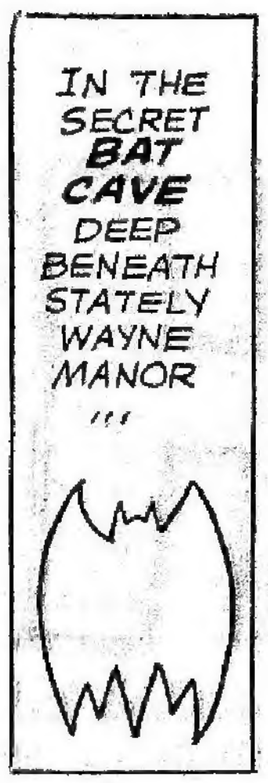

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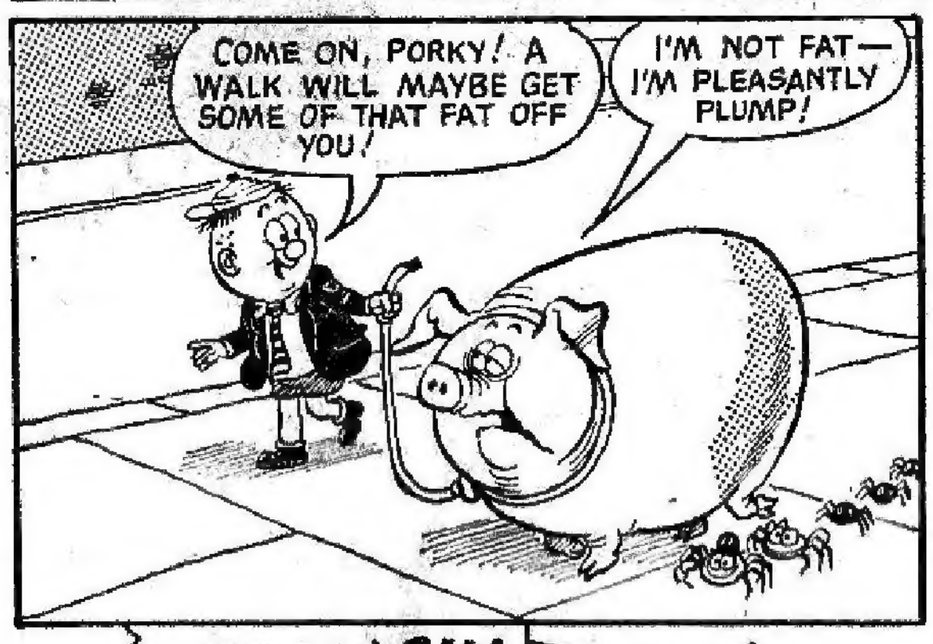
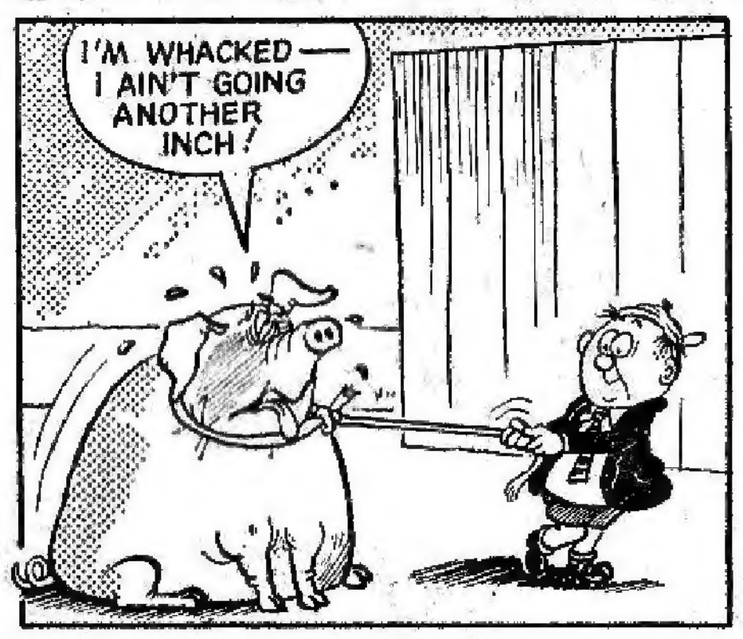
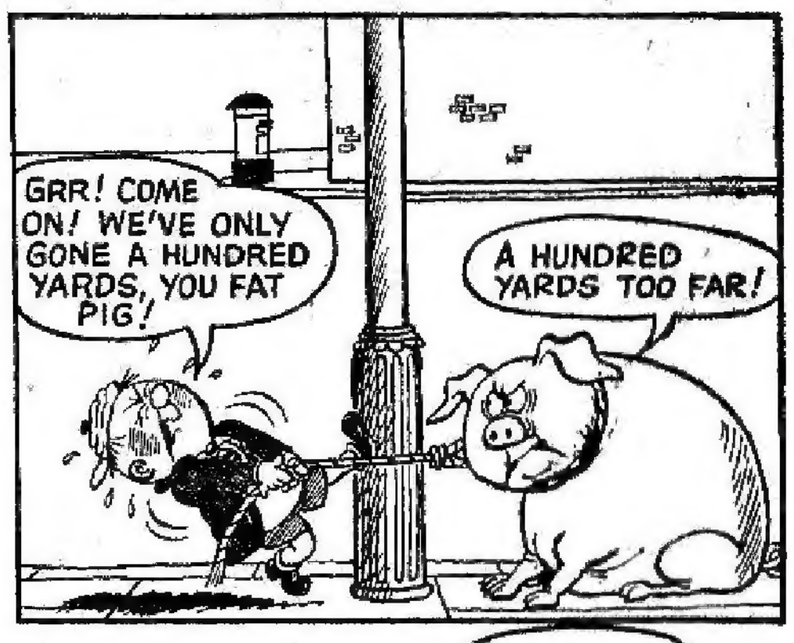
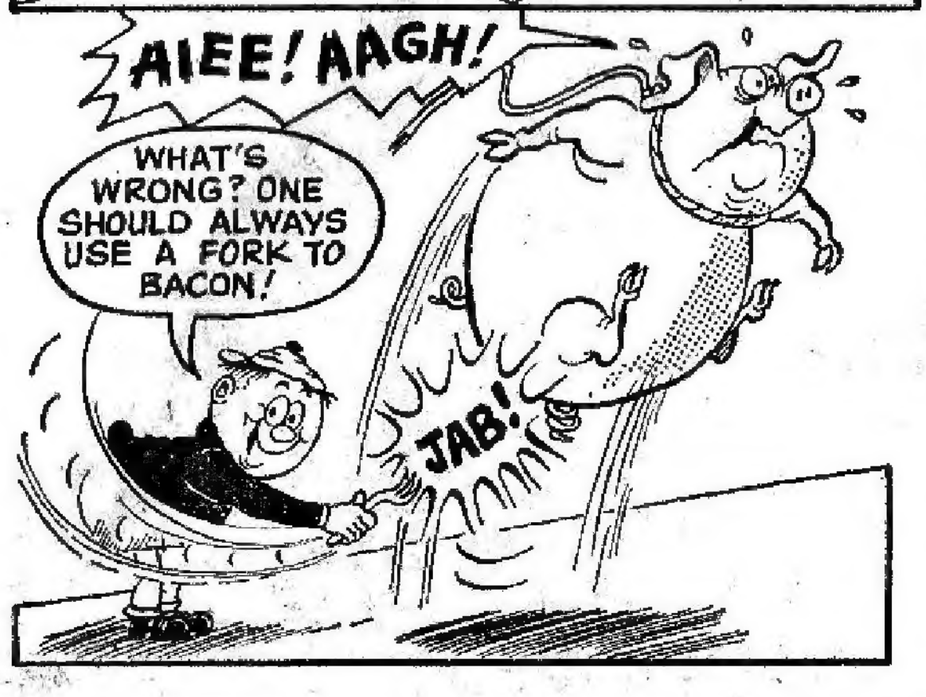
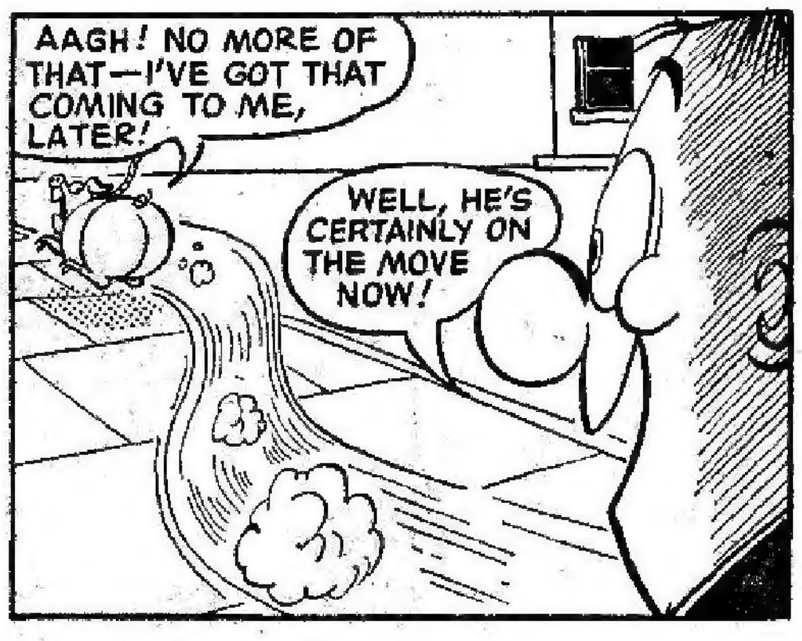
Percy's Pets

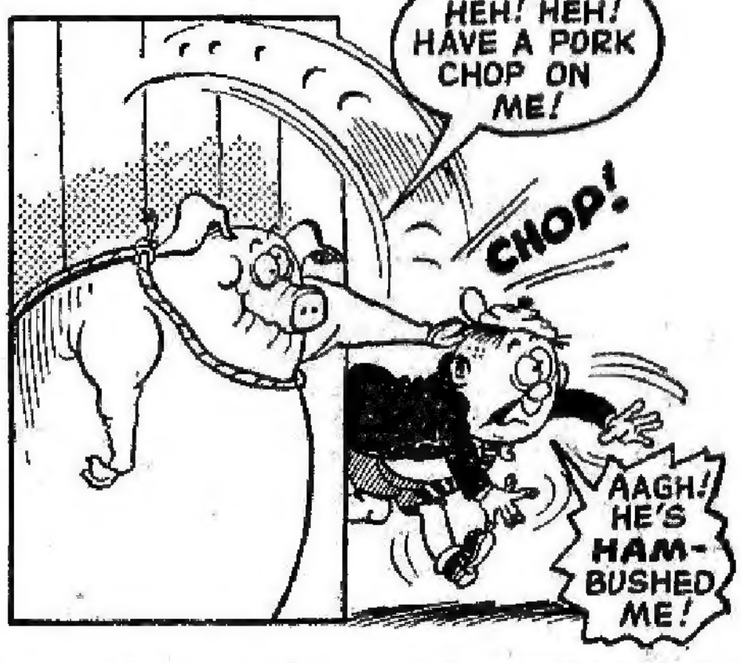

COME ON, PORKY! A WALK WILL MAYBE GET SOME OF THAT FAT OFF YOU!
I'M NOT FAT— I'M PLEASANTLY PLUMP!

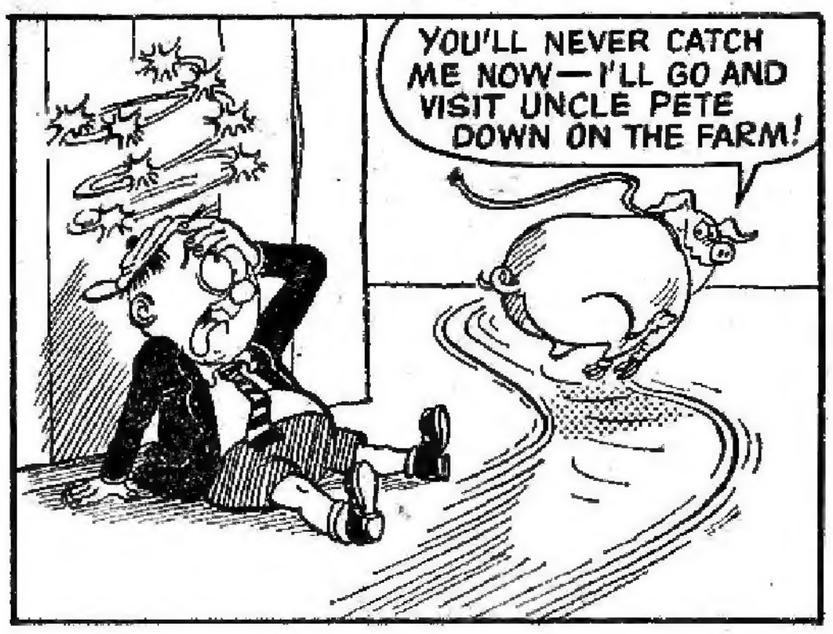

I'M WHACKED— I AIN'T GOING ANOTHER INCH!

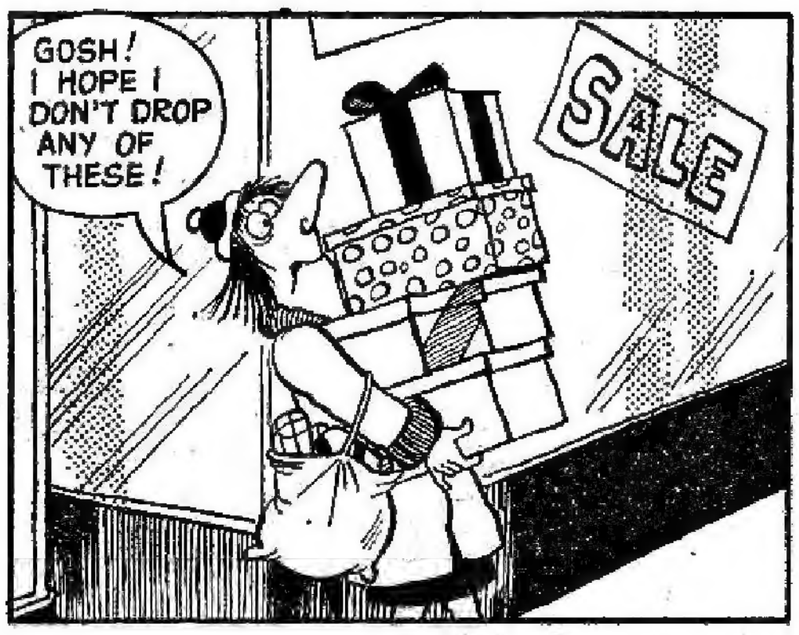

GRR! COME ON! WE'VE ONLY GONE A HUNDRED YARDS, YOU FAT PIG!
A HUNDRED YARDS TOO FAR!

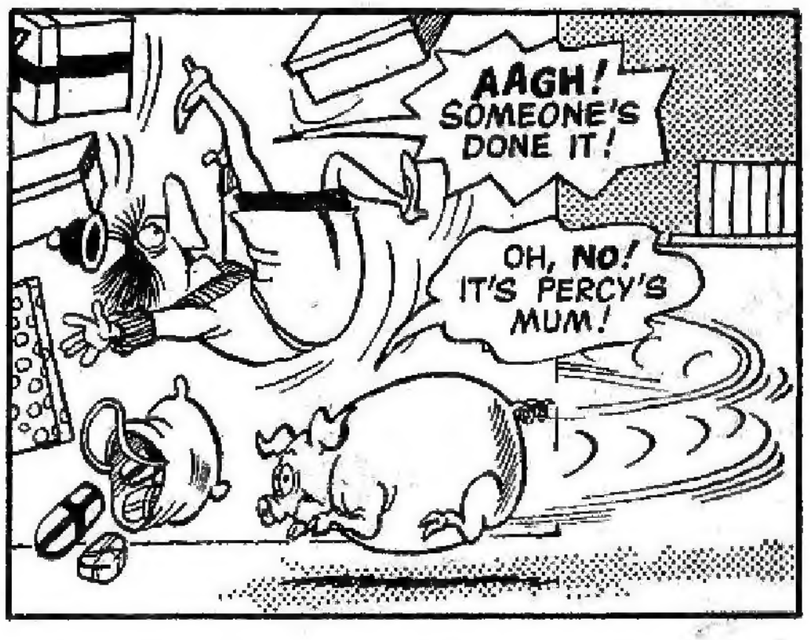

AIEE! AAGH!
WHAT'S WRONG? ONE SHOULD ALWAYS USE A FORK TO BACON!
JAB!


AAGH! NO MORE OF THAT—I'VE GOT THAT COMING TO ME, LATER!
WELL, HE'S CERTAINLY ON THE MOVE NOW!

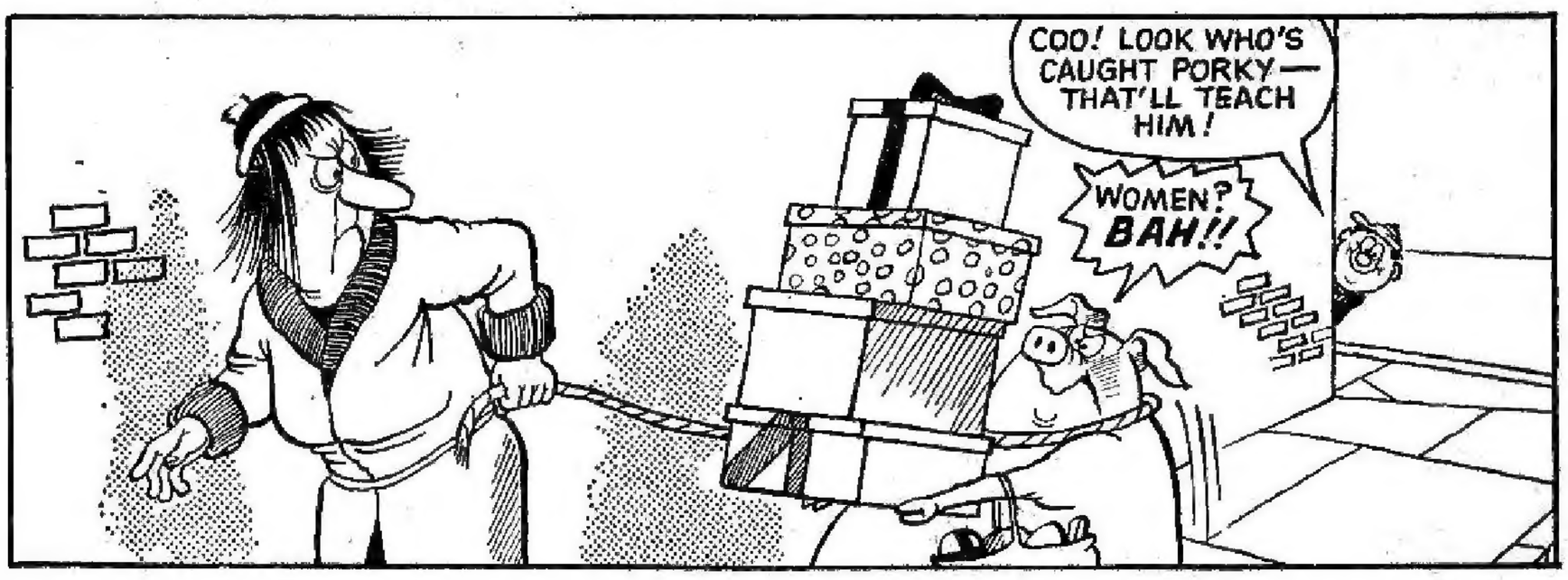

HEH! HEH! HAVE A PORK CHOP ON ME!
CHOP!
AAGH! HE'S HAM-BUSHED ME!

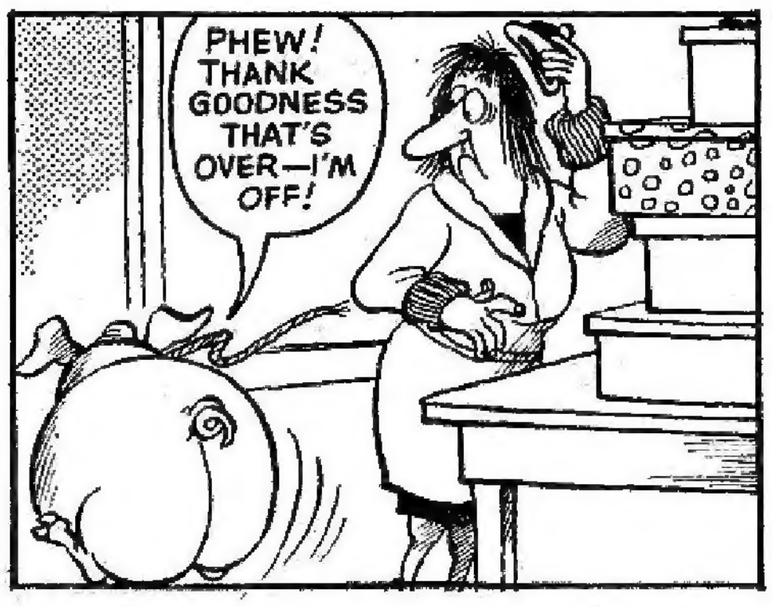

YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW—I'LL GO AND VISIT UNCLE PETE DOWN ON THE FARM!


GOSH! I HOPE I DON'T DROP ANY OF THESE!
SALE

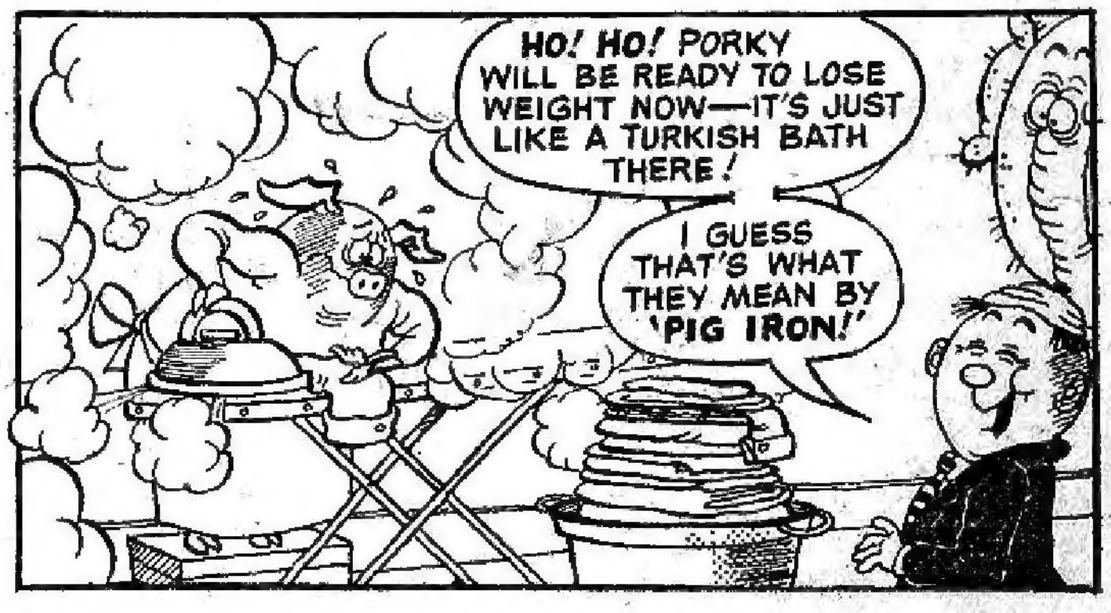

AAGH! SOMEONE'S DONE IT!
OH, NO! IT'S PERCY'S MUM!

GRR! PERCY'S PIG— I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT WOULD BE ONE OF HIS PETS!

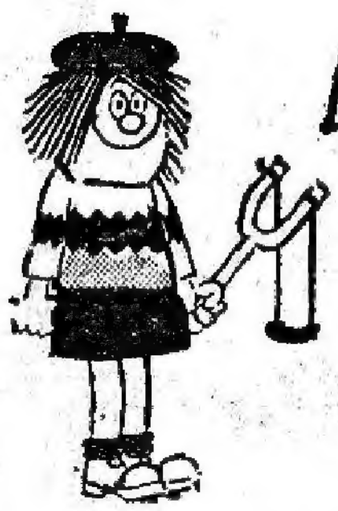

COO! LOOK WHO'S CAUGHT PORKY— THAT'LL TEACH HIM!
WOMEN? BAH!!


PHEW! THANK GOODNESS THAT'S OVER—I'M OFF!

E-EEK!
OH, NO, YOU DON'T—I'VE GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU!


HO! HO! PORKY WILL BE READY TO LOSE WEIGHT NOW—IT'S JUST LIKE A TURKISH BATH THERE!
I GUESS THAT'S WHAT THEY MEAN BY 'PIG IRON!'

BAD PENNY

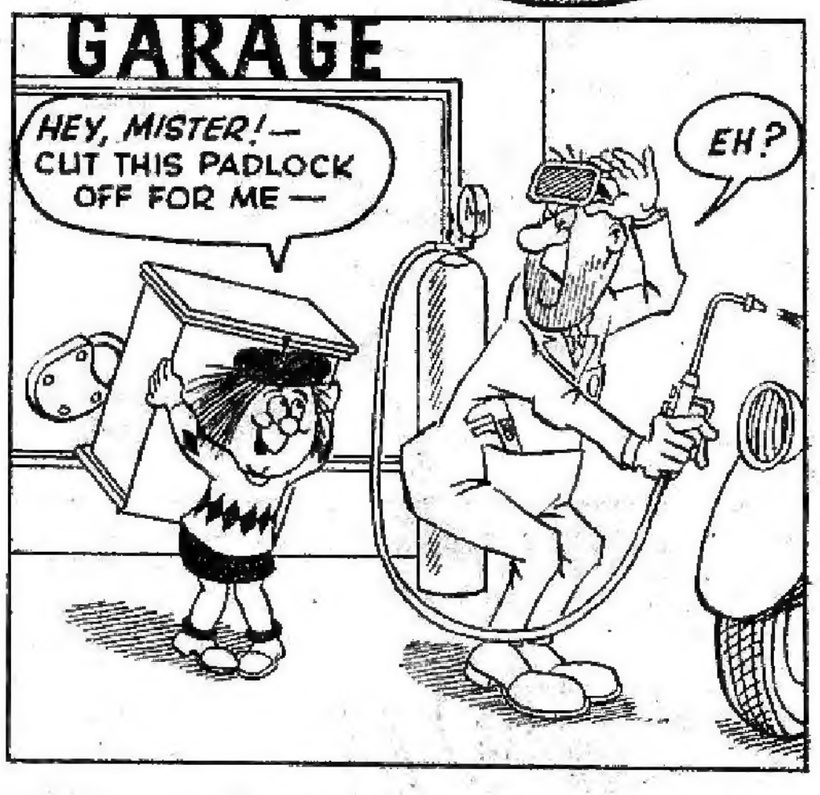


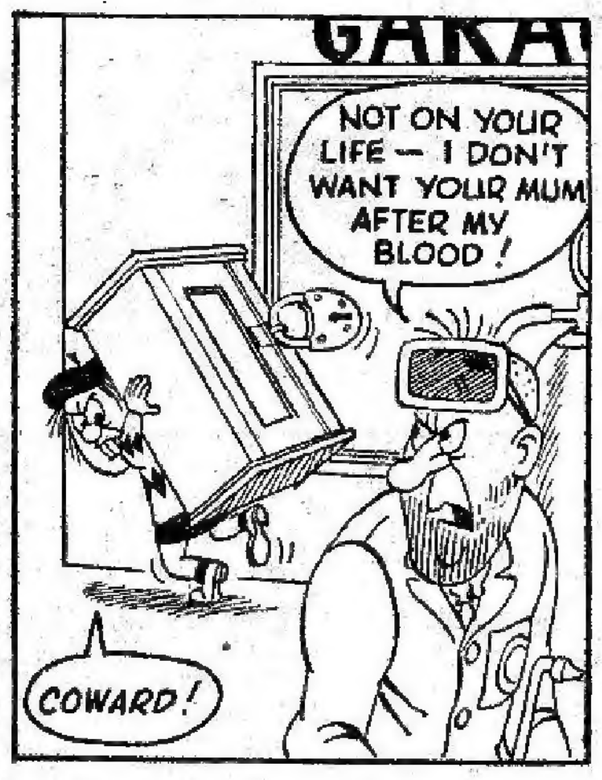
ONE PENNY
1967

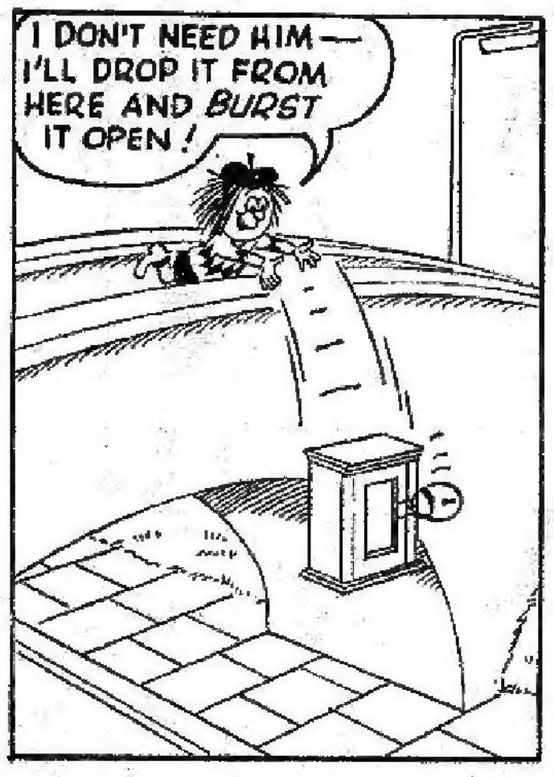
I DON'T THINK MY MUM TRUSTS ME ANY MORE !

SHE'S LOCKED UP THE FOOD CUPBOARD!
GURR!

HELP! — WHAT'S PENNY GOT THERE ?

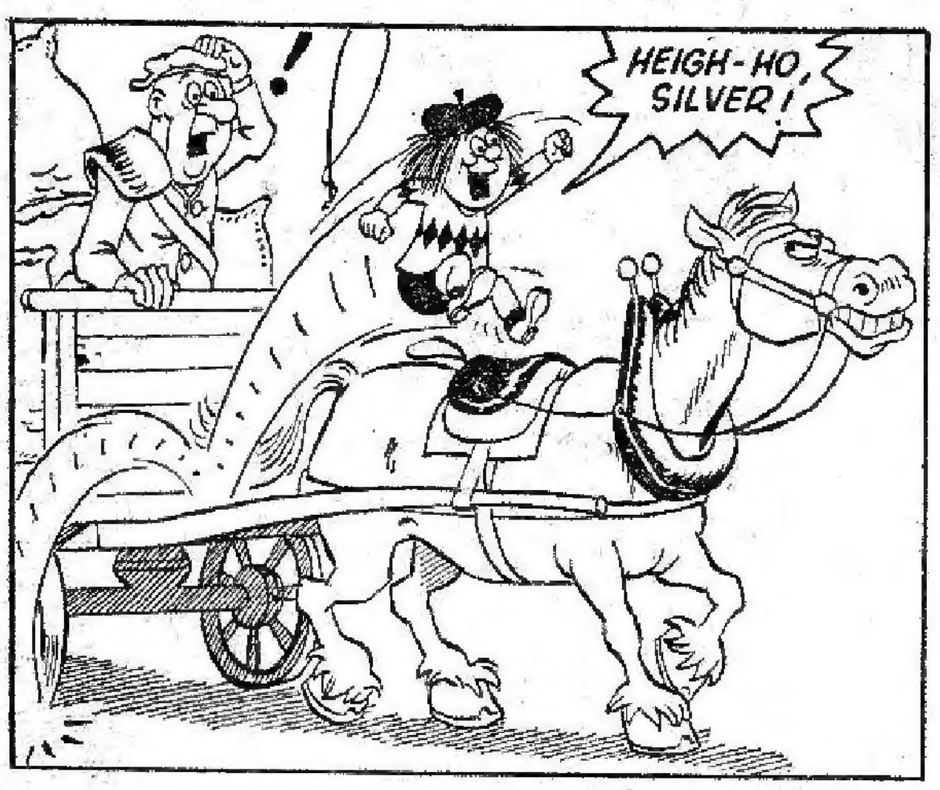

GARAGE
HEY, MISTER! — CUT THIS PADLOCK OFF FOR ME —
EH ?

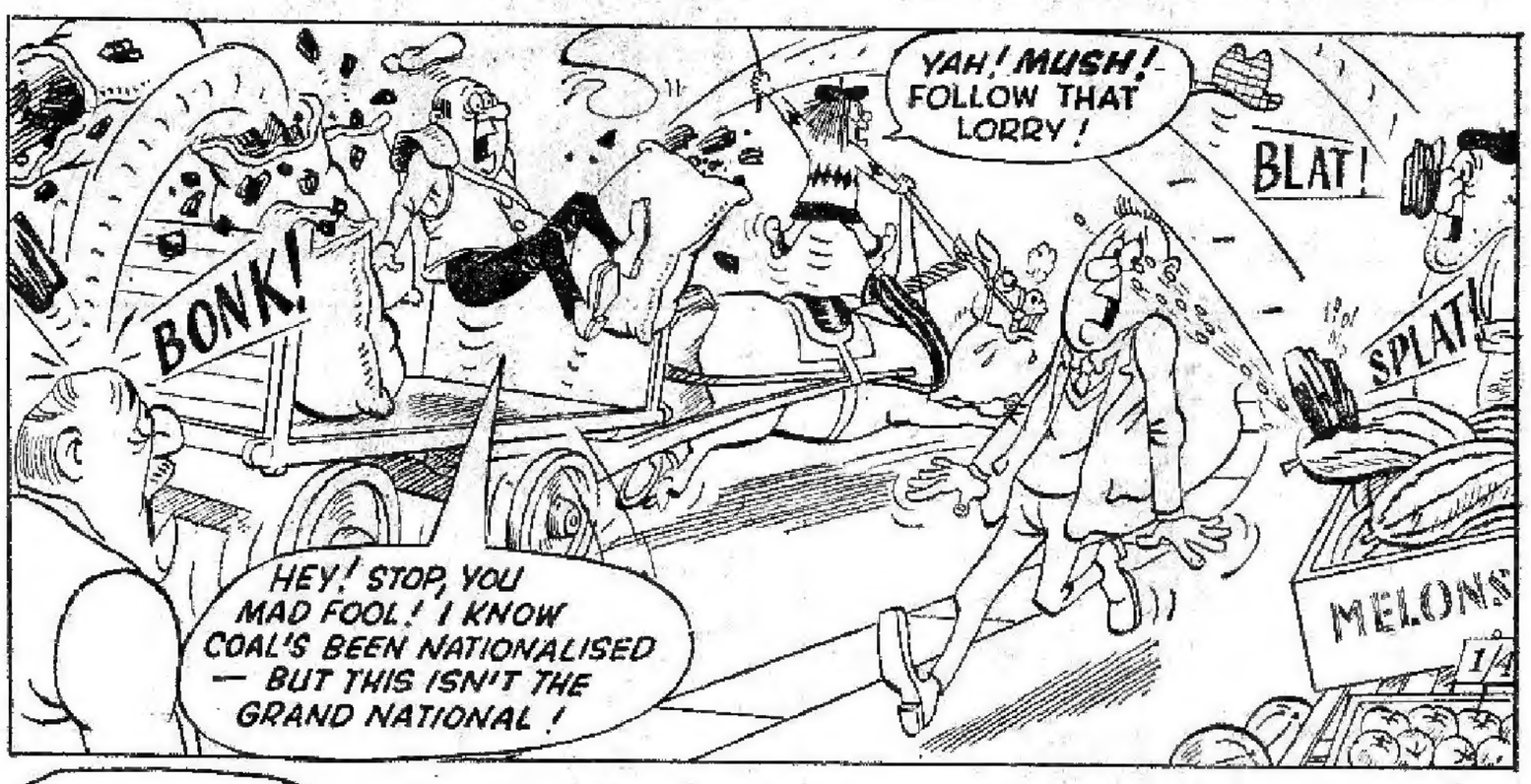

GARA
NOT ON YOUR LIFE — I DON'T WANT YOUR MUM AFTER MY BLOOD !
COWARD !

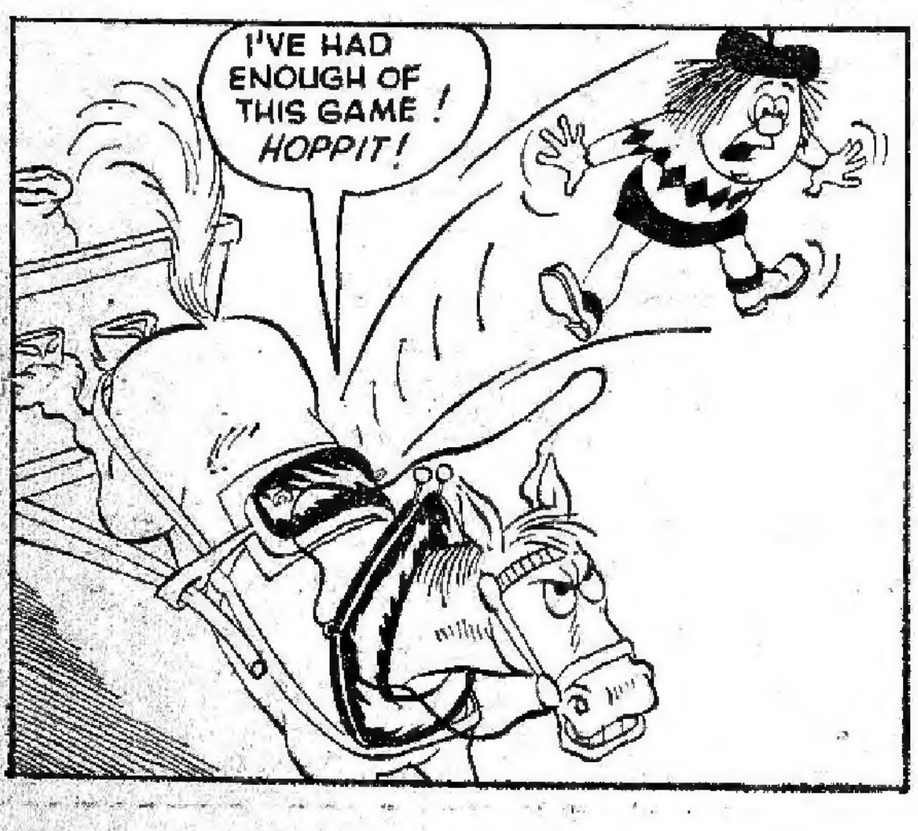

I DON'T NEED HIM — I'LL DROP IT FROM HERE AND BURST IT OPEN !

SUFFERING SAUSAGES ! IT'S LANDED ON THE BACK OF THAT LORRY !

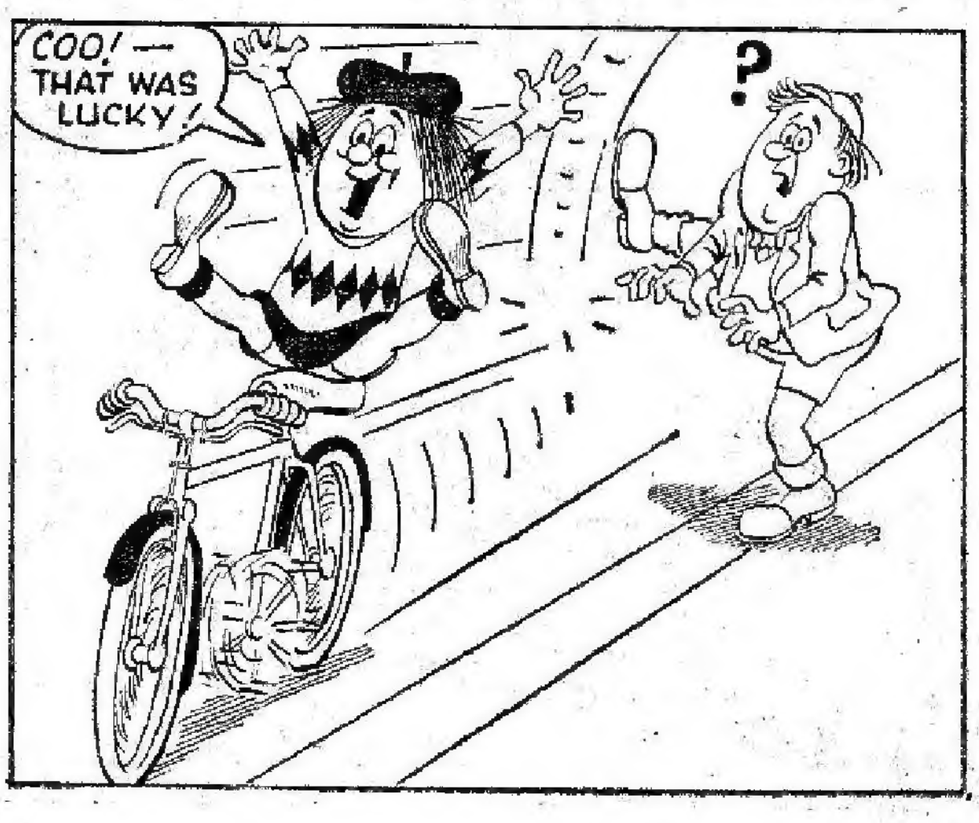
HELP ! STOP ! YOU'VE GOT MY MUM'S CUP-BOARD THERE !
HO! HO! — WHAT'S PENNY BEEN UP TO NOW ?

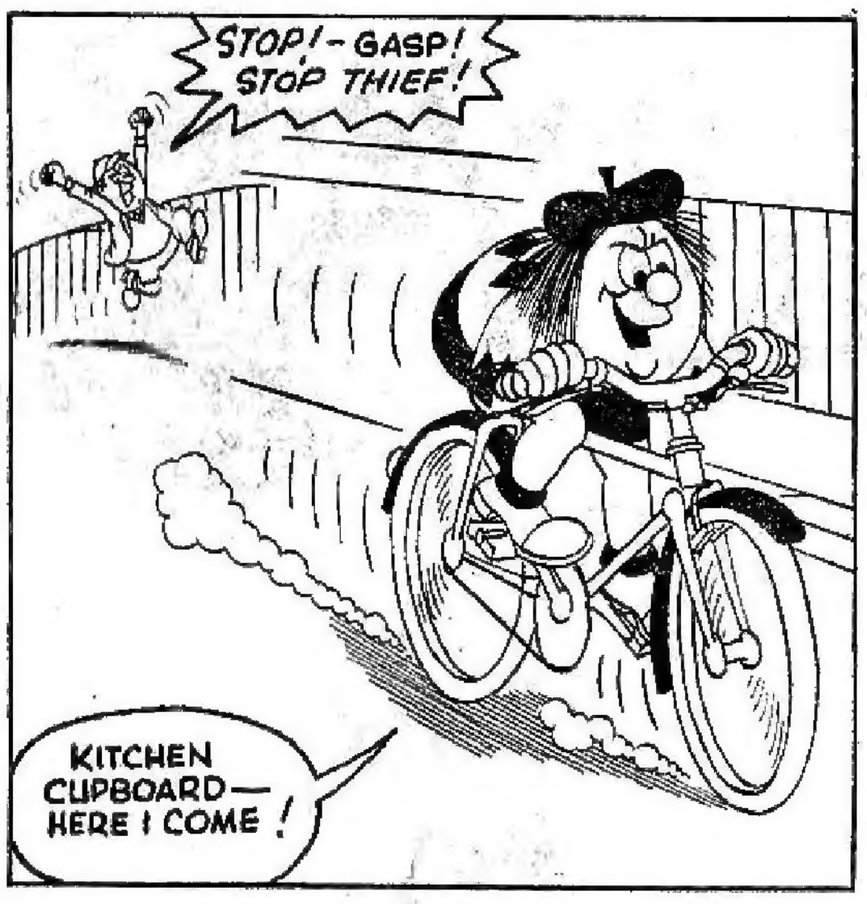

HEIGH-HO, SILVER !

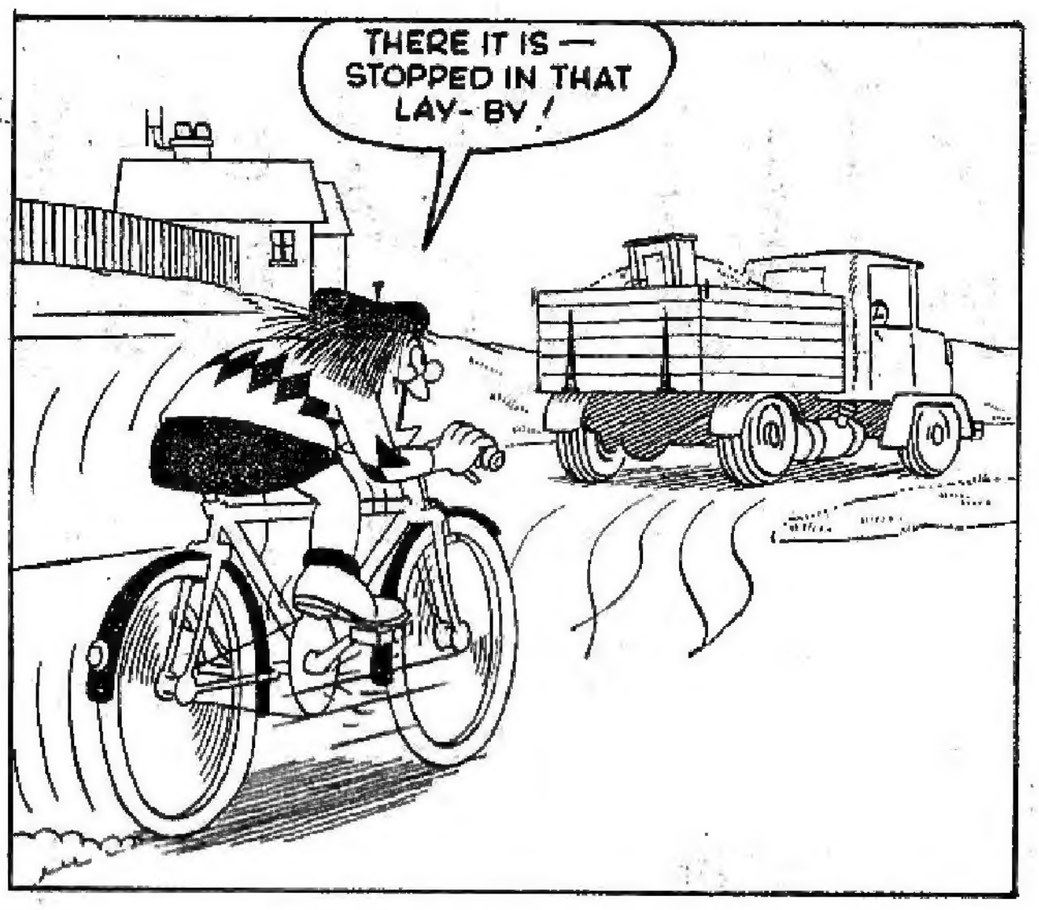

YAH! MUSH! FOLLOW THAT LORRY !
BLAT!
BONK!
SPLAT!
HEY! STOP, YOU MAD FOOL! I KNOW COAL'S BEEN NATIONALISED — BUT THIS ISN'T THE GRAND NATIONAL !
MELONS
1/4


I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS GAME ! HOPPIT !

AH, WELL — INTO THE SADDLE AGAIN !

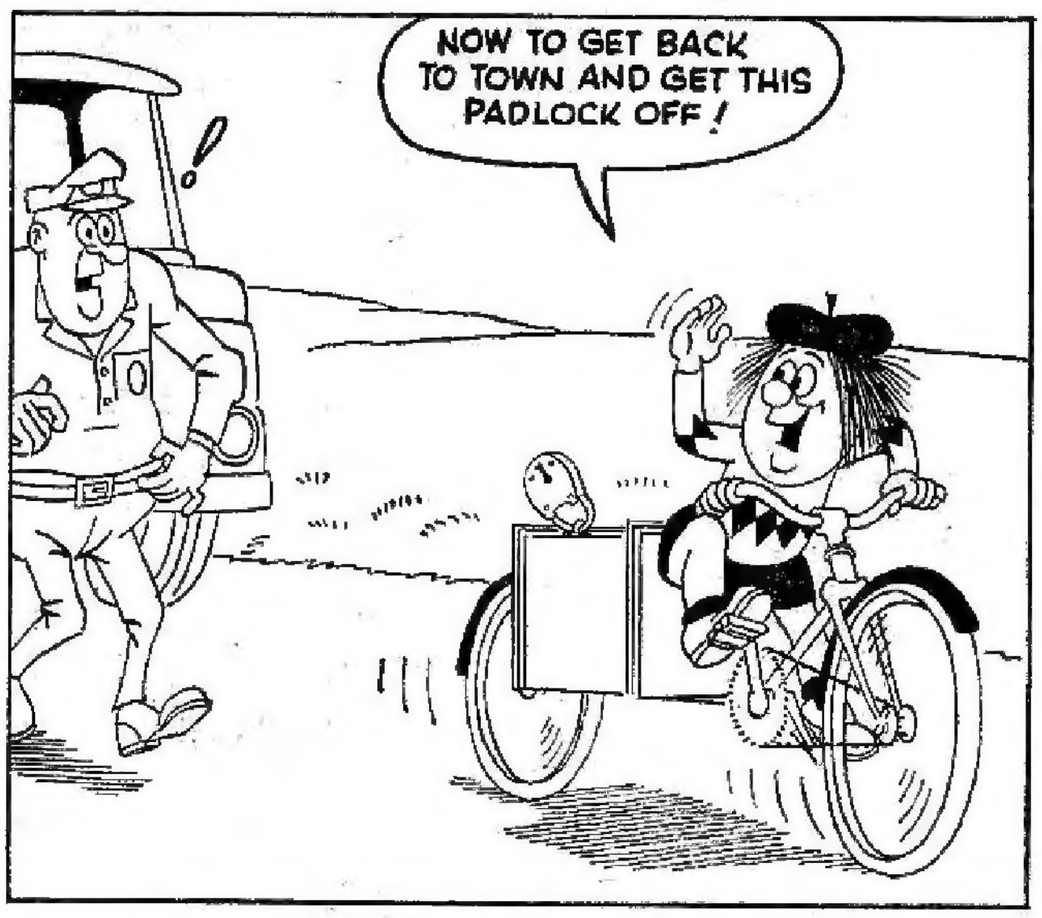

COO! — THAT WAS LUCKY !
?

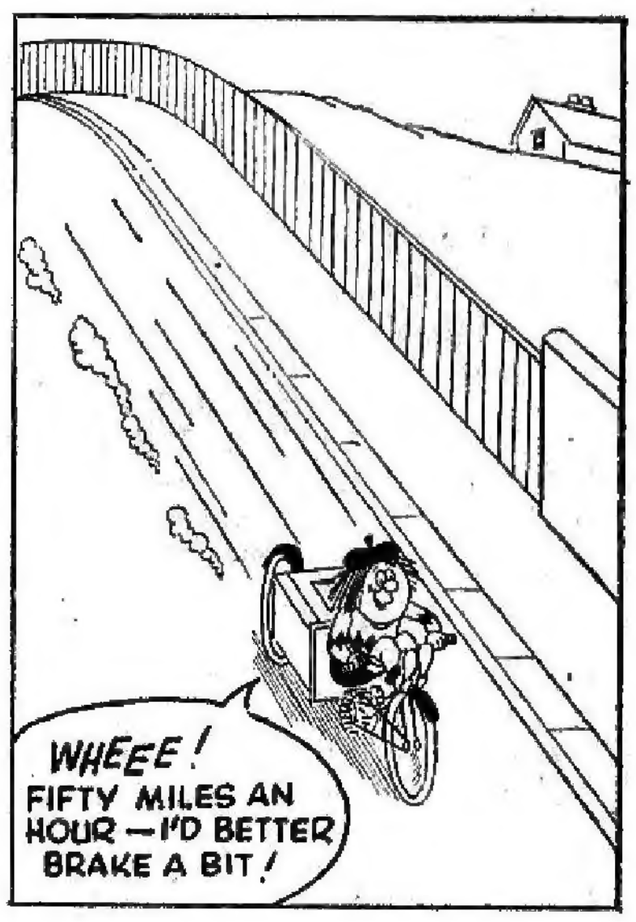

STOP! - GASP! STOP THIEF!
KITCHEN CUPBOARD — HERE I COME!

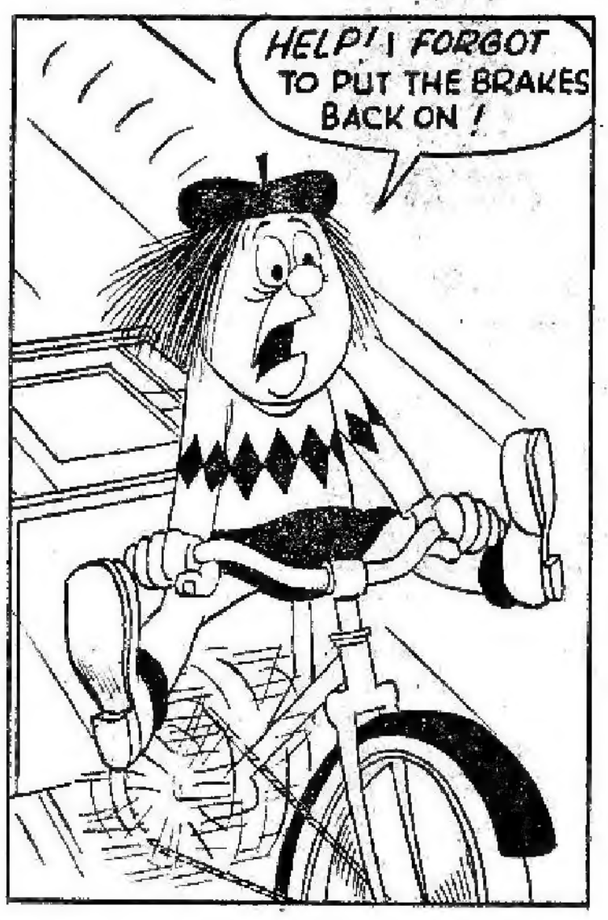

THERE IT IS — STOPPED IN THAT LAY-BY!

HMM! I CAN'T CARRY THAT CUPBOARD ALL THE WAY BACK! IT WEIGHS A TON!

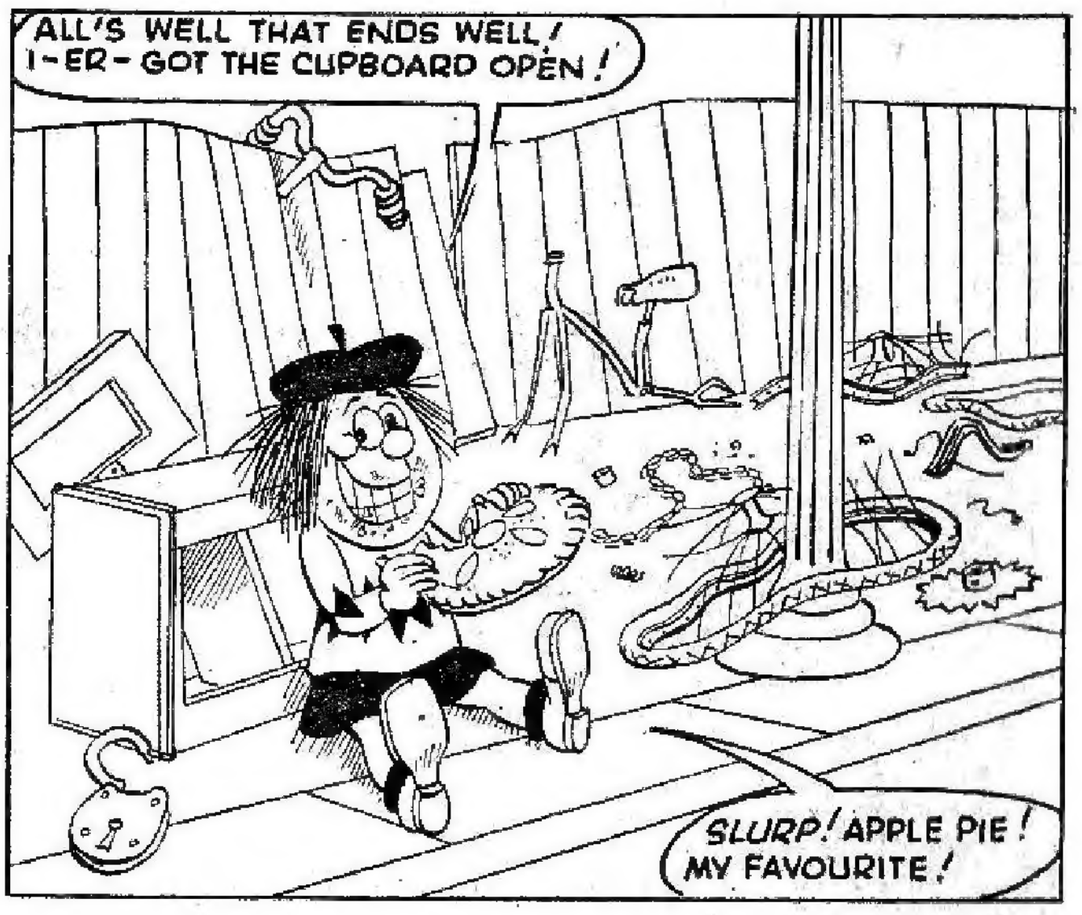
AH! THIS MIGHT DO THE TRICK —


NOW TO GET BACK TO TOWN AND GET THIS PADLOCK OFF!

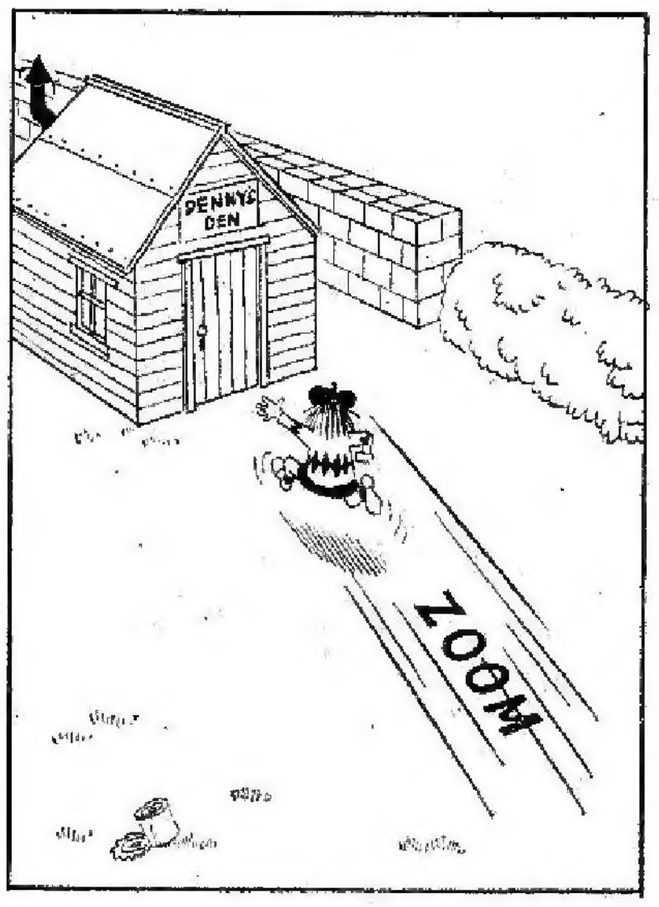

WHEEE! FIFTY MILES AN HOUR — I'D BETTER BRAKE A BIT!

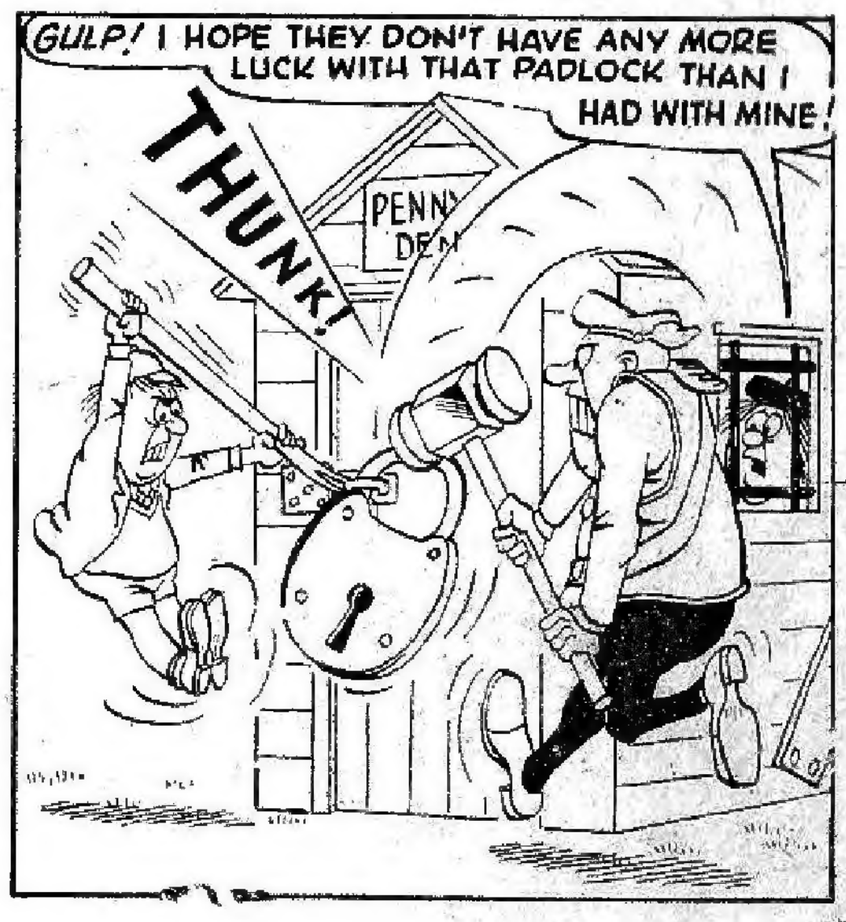

HELP! I FORGOT TO PUT THE BRAKES BACK ON!

CRASH!


ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL! I-ER- GOT THE CUPBOARD OPEN!
SLURP! APPLE PIE! MY FAVOURITE!

AGH! MY BIKE! LOOK AT IT!!
GRR! I LOST HALF MY COAL!
OH, HECK! I'VE GOT VISITORS!


PENNY'S DEN
ZOOM


GULP! I HOPE THEY DON'T HAVE ANY MORE LUCK WITH THAT PADLOCK THAN I HAD WITH MINE!
THUNK!
PENNY DEN

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

TAKE COVER! 'Cos here we go BLOWING OUR OWN TRUMPET AGAIN! Never having been accused of being overly modest we just can't think why we've never yet penned praise for BASHFUL BRIAN GREEN, fellow-garreteer, layout artist . . . and music maker!! So now hear this! Not only is Brian the leader of his own jazz band . . . (in which he makes with the drums!) Not only have Brian and his outfit played on radio and television! Not only has the B. G. Jazzband been disced by record company Fontana (and, incidentally, playing one of the lad's own compositions) . . . BUT . . . Brian and the boys were chosen to represent BRITAIN at the Zurich Jazz Festival a few weeks back. There, they gave concerts for a whole week. Competed against jazz outfits from all over the world, including Russia and America. And covered themselves with a lot of glory they did, too! In fact the news has just come in that they finished FIFTH—(out of forty-odd bands)!!

Nor is Brian the only member of the garret gang on the music kick. GENIAL GEOFF COWAN, one of the sub-editor team, not so long ago played lead guitar with some well-known pop groups, and also put in time as drummer-vocalist. Artman ROG BARNDEN once ran a widely-read Pop Column and is on first-name terms with the big stars.

The rest of us are bustin' with pride, of course! But we still keep wondering . . . HOW DO THEY FIND THE TIME?

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Charlotte Joseph, Tisbury, Wiltshire; James Oliver, Acomb, Yorks; Vanessa Anders, Abingdon, Berkshire; Richard Todd, Coventry; Paul Probert, Coventry; Mark Walker, Bradford, Yorks; Libby Hunt, Cheltenham, Glos; John Clarke, Leicester; Sarah Lee Thomas, Paignton, Devon; Alison Marshall, Chester, Cheshire; Wilma Smith, Paisley, Scotland; Deirdre McIntyre, King's Lynn; Paul Robinson, Stanley, Co. Durham; Paul Hoare, Sydenham; Terry Durney, Leyland, Lancs; John McCorkindale, Glasgow, Scotland; John Witchell, Buckhurst Hill, Essex; Vera Tame, Ashingdon, Essex; Gareth Jones, Deeside, Flintshire; Debbie Robertson, Wood Green, London N.22.

HERE'S an item about POWER with a difference! Namely THE POWER MAN! No, not you, Alf! . . . but this week's mighty menace matched against THE AVENGERS in 'Terrific'! Given special and fearful powers by The Enchantress of glorious memory (and don't these regular baddies keep going the rounds?!) THE POWER MAN sparks off one of the most action-full and downright unforgettable tales ever to appear in any comic anywhere. And while you're digging down right now for that ninepence with which you are just about to rush over to the nearest newsagent to get this week's Terrific, here's another appetite-whettener to carry with you on the way . . . it's the same issue in which DOC STRANGE finds . . . "The End at Last"! Intriguing? Wait till you read it, Tiger!

NEW!

SlimLine Wayfinders

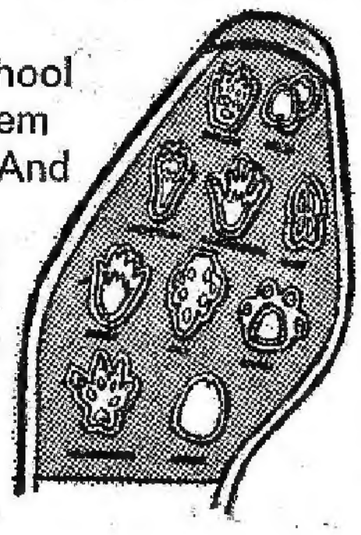
WOW! they're the greatest!

Just look at the fabulous styling of new SlimLine Wayfinders. They're really with it. And along with terrific casual style, (no laces to tie!) these brand new Wayfinders have animal tracks recessed into the soles—only you know they're there.

Join the thousands of boys already wearing Wayfinders and make tracks with every step.

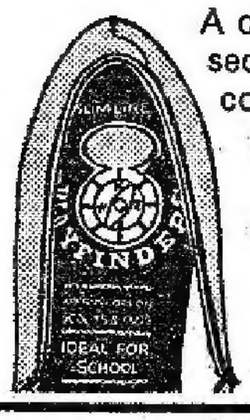
They're ideal for school and home. Wear them all day, every day. And they're fully approved for Scouts and Cub Scouts. Get a pair of sleek, hard-wearing SlimLine Wayfinders now.

In black, from 39/11d with a 6 month guarantee. Available at most shoe stores.

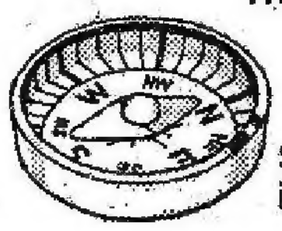


New recessed animal track soles

FREE with every pair



A compass in secret heel compartment



Special Wayfinders *Tracker* badge.

Spare compass to carry in your pocket

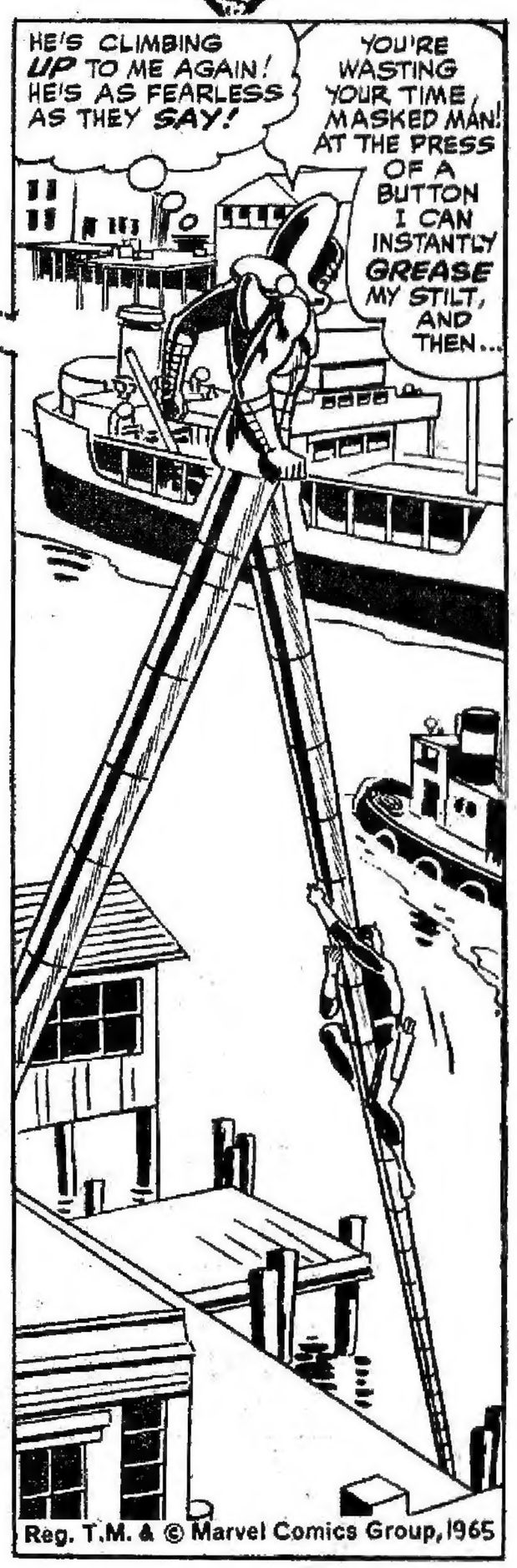
WAYFINDERS

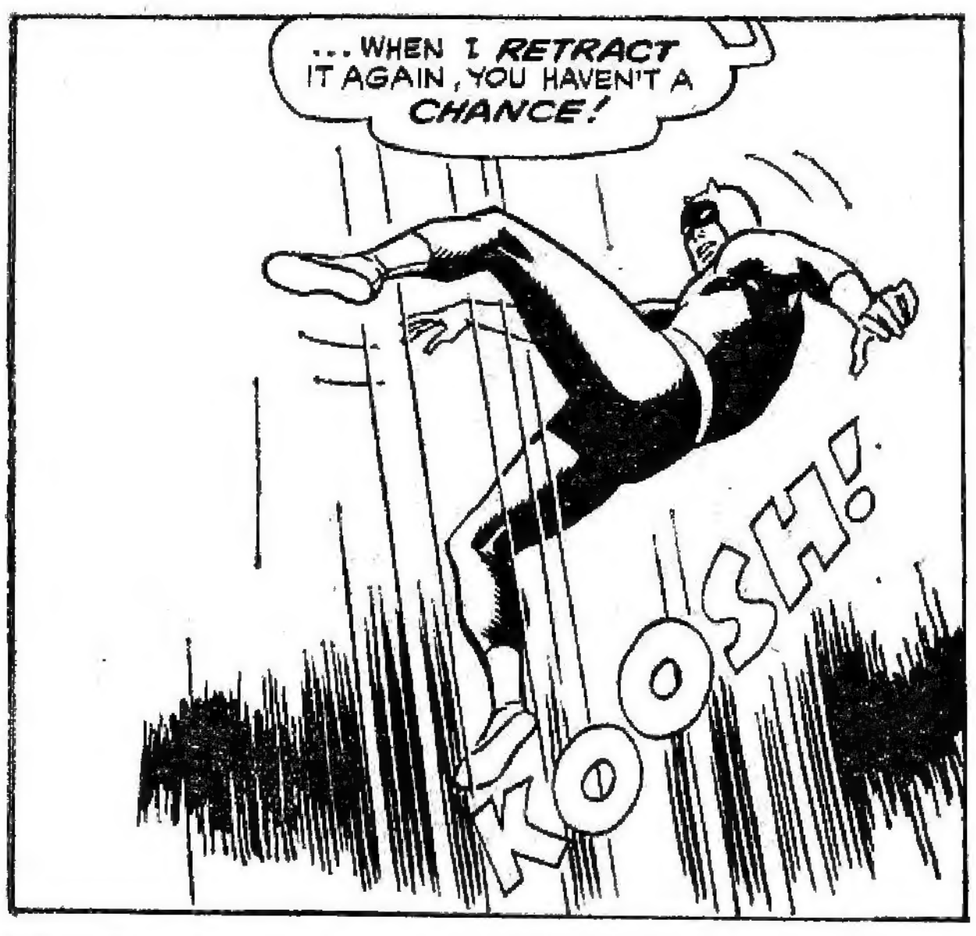
151 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

THE DYNAMIC DAREDEVIL

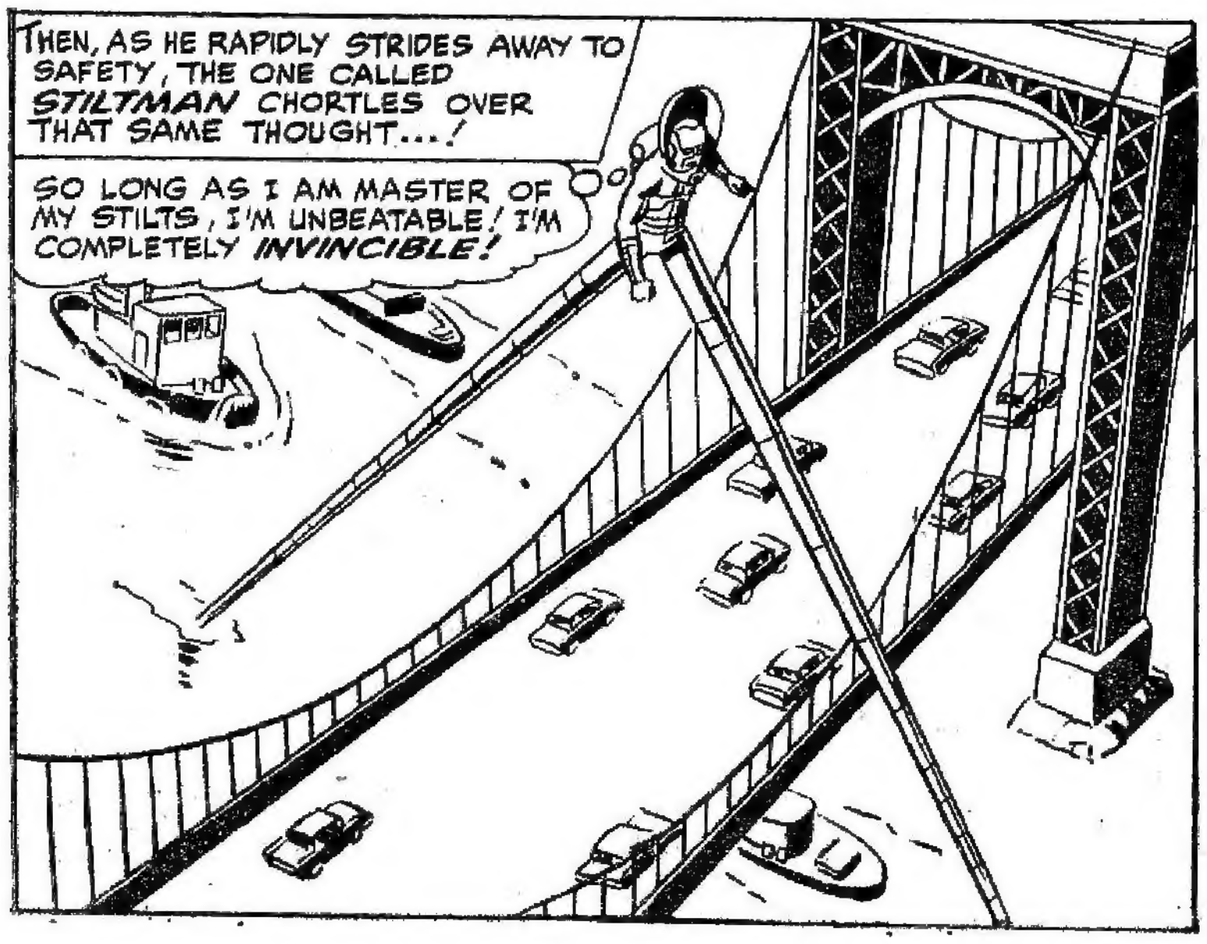
DEFIES STILTMAN

WHO IS THE FACELESS CRIMINAL ATOP THE FANTASTIC STEEL STILTS? THAT IS WHAT ONLY DAREDEVIL DARES TO DISCOVER. BUT WHEN HE ATTEMPTS TO CLIMB ONE OF THE HYDRAULIC LEGS, A SAVAGE KICK HURLS HIM INTO SPACE...





Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965

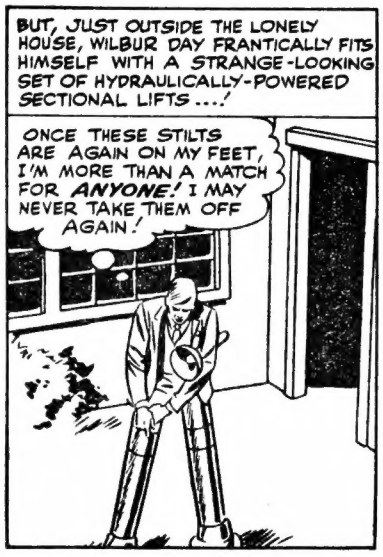


WAKE UP, MR. DAY! I'VE GOT A VISIT TO MAKE, AND YOU'RE GOING WITH ME!
MURDOCK! YOU'RE BACK! WH-WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WE'RE GOING TO PAY A LITTLE CALL... AT THE HOME OF CARL KAXTON!
THUS, A SHORT TIME LATER...
THIS IS THE PLACE, MURDOCK! I WISH YOU COULD SEE IT! IT'S A MANSION.. ALL BUILT WITH MONEY HE STOLE FROM OTHERS! BUT, HE WON'T ESCAPE JUSTICE FOREVER!
WOULDN'T DAY BE SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT MY RADAR SENSE ENABLES ME TO "SEE" KAXTON'S ESTATE IN MY MIND'S EYE AS CLEARLY AS HE HIMSELF SEES IT!
MURDOCK! FOLLOW ME... QUICKLY! I'VE FOUND SOMETHING!
WHAT IS IT, MR. DAY?
FEEL THAT ?? WHAT DO YOUR FINGERS TELL YOU IT IS ?
A LARGE METAL TUBE OF SOME SORT!
I HEAR KAXTON'S HEART BEAT BEHIND DAY! BUT I MUSTN'T LET ON THAT I KNOW HE'S THERE!
MY HYPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS CAN DETECT SOME SORT OF SPRING HIDDEN IN THESE TUBES! IF I WERE TO EXERT PRESSURE ON IT...
AHHH! IT WORKED!
DON'T EITHER OF YOU MOVE!
MURDOCK! IT'S KAXTON! HE'S FOUND US... AND, HE'S GOT A GUN!!
SPANNG!
WHY ARE YOU WALKING AROUND WITH A RECOILLESS RIFLE, KAXTON ??
I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO USE A WEAPON TO PROTECT MY PROPERTY AGAINST INTRUDERS!
THE LAMB HAS TURNED INTO A TIGER! DAY FELLED KAXTON WITH ONE KARATE BLOW!
WELL, YOU'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE TO USE IT AGAINST ME!!
UNHHH...!
AREN'T YOU GOING TO THANK ME? HE THREATENED OUR LIVES WITH THAT GUN, DIDN'T HE? YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL TO ME!
AND SURELY YOU MUST REALIZE BY NOW THAT ONLY KAXTON COULD BE STILTMAN!
HIS PULSE RATE HAS CHANGED! HE'S LYING!
HE'S ABOUT TO STRIKE OUT AT ME!
CAN'T MAKE HIM SUSPICIOUS BY DUCKING! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE BLOW, BUT ROLL WITH IT! IT NEEDS PERFECT TIMING... NOW!
SORRY I HAVE TO DO THIS, MURDOCK!
WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE, WILBUR DAY ENTERS THE HOME LABORATORY OF CARL KAXTON, NOT NOTICING THAT THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE HAD DISPOSED OF IS GETTING TO HIS FEET OUTSIDE AND BEGINNING TO CHANGE INTO A DRAMATIC-LOOKING COSTUME!
KAXTON WAS THE GENIUS... NOT ME! IT WAS I WHO STOLE HIS IDEAS! AND THIS IS THE ONE I REALLY WANTED... HIS EXPERIMENTAL MOLECULAR CONDENSER... THE MOST VALUABLE WEAPON ON EARTH!
ALL THE HOLDER NEEDS TO DO IS FOCUS IT ON SOMETHING, AND THE OBJECT SLOWLY FADES AWAY TO NOTHINGNESS!
BUT, BEFORE WILBUR DAY CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE...
NOW I KNOW WHO'S REALLY STILTMAN!
DAREDEVIL!
CRASH!

IF THAT MOLECULAR GADGET DOES WHAT YOU SAID, THEN YOU'RE THE LAST ONE ON EARTH TO HAVE CONTROL OF IT!
KRAK!
PWEOOW!

THEN, DUE TO A ONE-IN-A-MILLION ACCIDENT, WILBUR DAY'S SUDDEN BLAST STRIKES THE STEEL CONTROL PANEL BEHIND DAREDEVIL, CAUSING IT TO TOPPLE ...
WHUMP!
UHHH...!

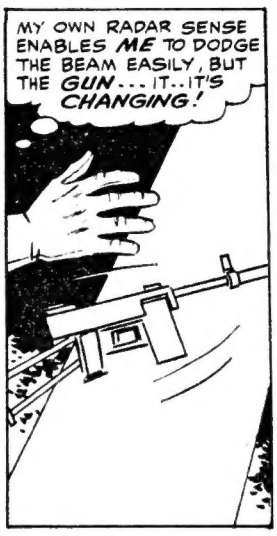
DAY IS GONE! BUT... WHAT'S THIS AT MY FINGERTIPS? ... THE RIFLE!
HE CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR! IF HE'S ANYWHERE WITHIN EARSHOT, I'LL FIND HIM!

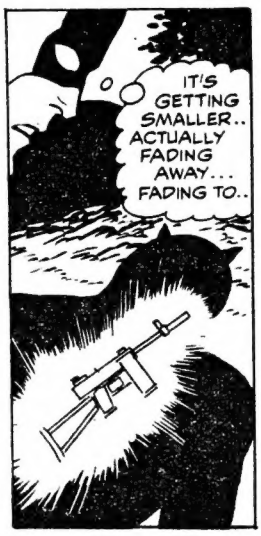

BUT, JUST OUTSIDE THE LONELY HOUSE, WILBUR DAY FRANTICALLY FITS HIMSELF WITH A STRANGE-LOOKING SET OF HYDRAULICALLY-POWERED SECTIONAL LIFTS ...!
ONCE THESE STILTS ARE AGAIN ON MY FEET, I'M MORE THAN A MATCH FOR ANYONE! I MAY NEVER TAKE THEM OFF AGAIN!

KAXTON CREATED THIS HYDRAULIC DEVICE AS AN AID TO INDUSTRY! BUT ONLY A FOOL WOULDN'T HAVE KEPT IT FOR HIMSELF!
THAT'S WHY I STOLE IT! WILBUR DAY IS NO FOOL!

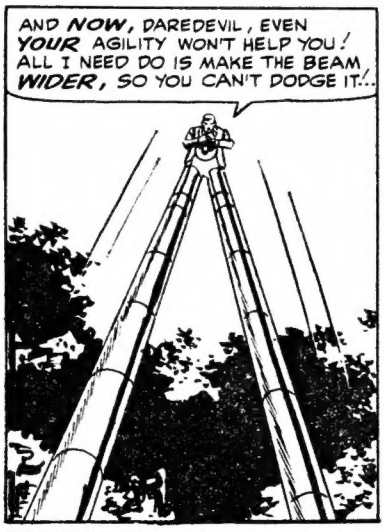
WELL, WELL! THERE'S DARE-DEVIL! BUT THIS TIME IT WILL BE HIS LAST OPPORTUNITY TO BOTHER ME! THIS TIME, HE DIES!

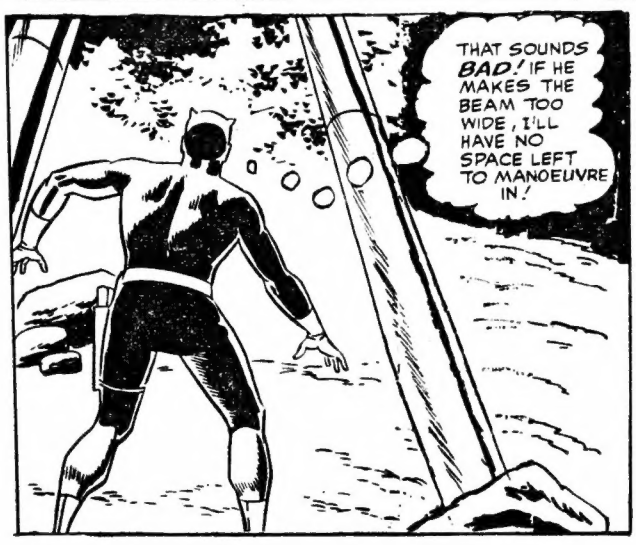
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND ME, DAREDEVIL... BUT THAT GUN WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!
HE'S SHINING A BEAM ON IT! I FEEL THE INTENSITY! IT MUST BE THE MOLECULAR CONDENSER!


MY OWN RADAR SENSE ENABLES ME TO DODGE THE BEAM EASILY, BUT THE GUN... IT..IT'S CHANGING!


IT'S GETTING SMALLER.. ACTUALLY FADING AWAY... FADING TO..

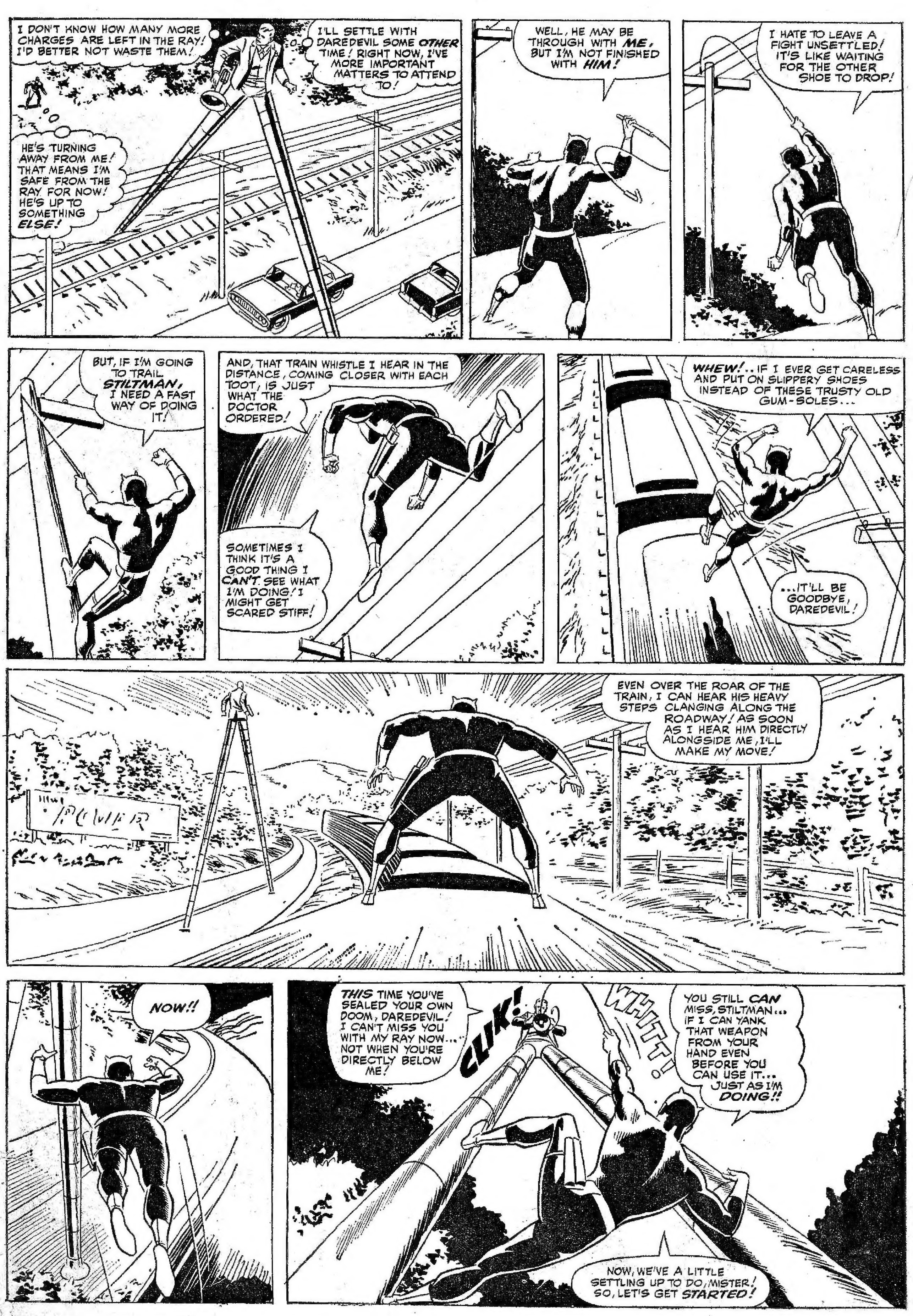
..ALMOST COMPLETE NOTHING-NESS!

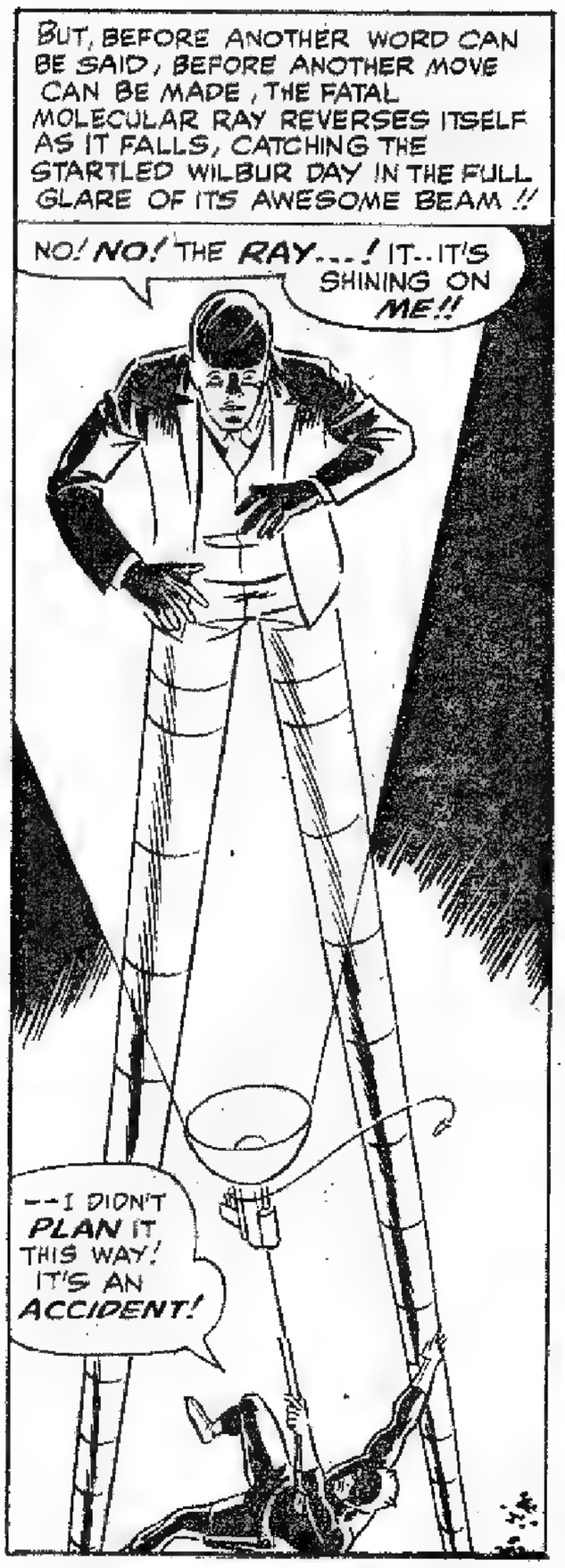

AND NOW, DAREDEVIL, EVEN YOUR AGILITY WON'T HELP YOU! ALL I NEED DO IS MAKE THE BEAM WIDER, SO YOU CAN'T DODGE IT..


THAT SOUNDS BAD! IF HE MAKES THE BEAM TOO WIDE, I'LL HAVE NO SPACE LEFT TO MANOEUVRE IN!

HE'S STARTED! ONE FALSE MOVE WILL MEAN MY DEATH!
I'VE GOT TO STAY ONE JUMP AHEAD OF HIM SOMEHOW!

THEN, UTILIZING HIS RADAR SENSE, HIS LITHE, NIMBLE, MUSCULAR POWER, AND HIS DAUNTLESS COURAGE TO THE FULLEST EXTENT, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR DARTS, AND DUCKS, AND DODGES, UNTIL ...
HE'S TIRING! I CAN SENSE IT! IF I CAN JUST HOLD OUT SECONDS LONGER...!

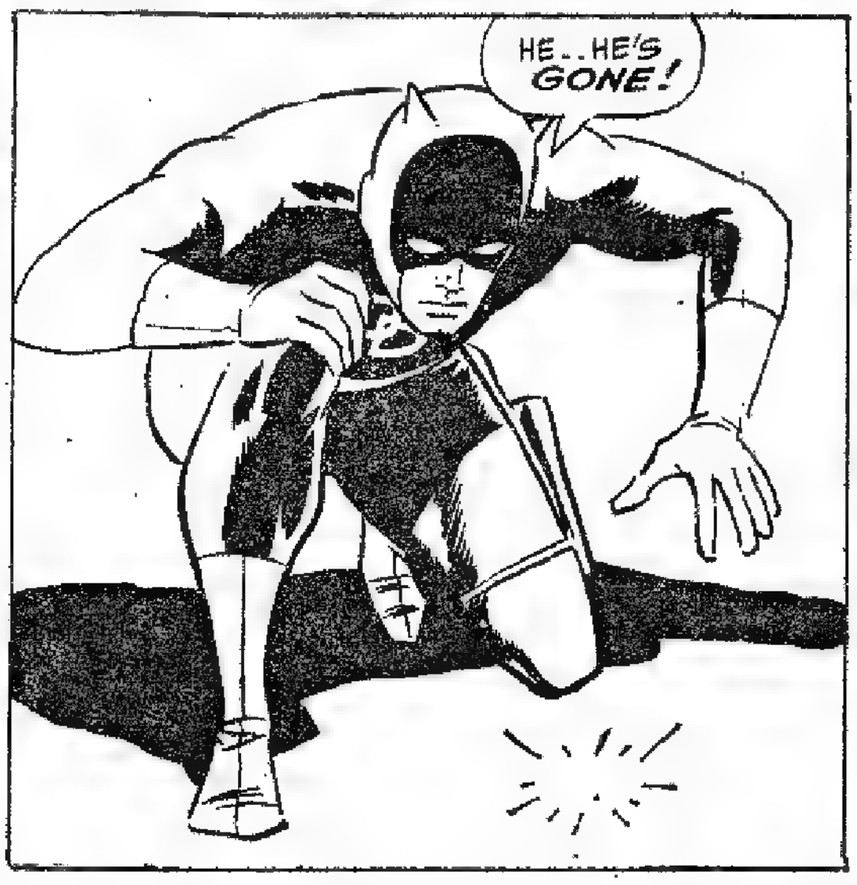

I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY MORE CHARGES ARE LEFT IN THE RAY! I'D BETTER NOT WASTE THEM!
I'LL SETTLE WITH DAREDEVIL SOME OTHER TIME! RIGHT NOW, I'VE MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO ATTEND TO!
HE'S TURNING AWAY FROM ME! THAT MEANS I'M SAFE FROM THE RAY FOR NOW! HE'S UP TO SOMETHING ELSE!
WELL, HE MAY BE THROUGH WITH ME, BUT I'M NOT FINISHED WITH HIM!
I HATE TO LEAVE A FIGHT UNSETTLED! IT'S LIKE WAITING FOR THE OTHER SHOE TO DROP!
BUT, IF I'M GOING TO TRAIL STILTMAN, I NEED A FAST WAY OF DOING IT!
AND, THAT TRAIN WHISTLE I HEAR IN THE DISTANCE, COMING CLOSER WITH EACH TOOT, IS JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!
SOMETIMES I THINK IT'S A GOOD THING I CAN'T SEE WHAT I'M DOING! I MIGHT GET SCARED STIFF!
WHEW!.. IF I EVER GET CARELESS AND PUT ON SLIPPERY SHOES INSTEAD OF THESE TRUSTY OLD GUM-SOLES...
...IT'LL BE GOODBYE, DAREDEVIL!
EVEN OVER THE ROAR OF THE TRAIN, I CAN HEAR HIS HEAVY STEPS CLANGING ALONG THE ROADWAY! AS SOON AS I HEAR HIM DIRECTLY ALONGSIDE ME, I'LL MAKE MY MOVE!
NOW!!
THIS TIME YOU'VE SEALED YOUR OWN DOOM, DAREDEVIL! I CAN'T MISS YOU WITH MY RAY NOW... NOT WHEN YOU'RE DIRECTLY BELOW ME!
CLIK!
WHUFF!
YOU STILL CAN MISS, STILTMAN... IF I CAN YANK THAT WEAPON FROM YOUR HAND EVEN BEFORE YOU CAN USE IT... JUST AS I'M DOING!!
NOW, WE'VE A LITTLE SETTLING UP TO DO, MISTER! SO, LET'S GET STARTED!

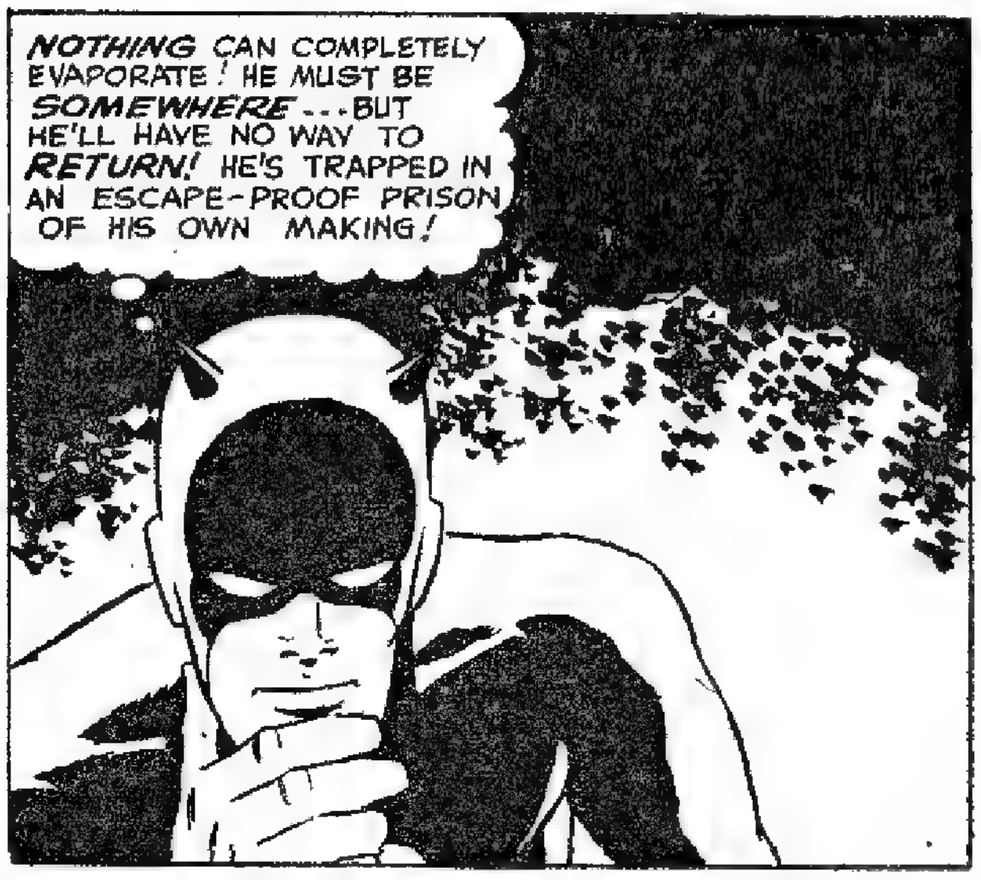

BUT, BEFORE ANOTHER WORD CAN BE SAID, BEFORE ANOTHER MOVE CAN BE MADE, THE FATAL MOLECULAR RAY REVERSES ITSELF AS IT FALLS, CATCHING THE STARTLED WILBUR DAY IN THE FULL GLARE OF ITS AWESOME BEAM !!
NO! NO! THE RAY...! IT..IT'S SHINING ON ME!!
--I DIDN'T PLAN IT THIS WAY! IT'S AN ACCIDENT!

I'M GETTING SMALLER!! STARTING TO FADE AWAY! NO... NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT MUSTN'T BE! HELP ME, DAREDEVIL! I'LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING I POSSESS... BUT HELP ME...HELP ME!

HOW CAN I, DAY? TELL ME, IS THERE AN ANTIDOTE I CAN GIVE YOU??
I DON'T KNOW! I STOLE THE RAY... I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT WORKS!

HIS VOICE IS GETTING WEAKER AND WEAKER.. HE'S SHRINKING FASTER AND FASTER!
DO SOMETHING! HELP ME! HELP..!


HE..HE'S GONE!


NOTHING CAN COMPLETELY EVAPORATE! HE MUST BE SOMEWHERE...BUT HE'LL HAVE NO WAY TO RETURN! HE'S TRAPPED IN AN ESCAPE-PROOF PRISON OF HIS OWN MAKING!

LATER, WHEN A WEARY, SIGHTLESS ATTORNEY RETURNS TO THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK, HE IS GREETED WITH...
KAXTON! HE'S HERE... WITH SOME OTHERS!
HE'S THE MAN! HE AND WILBUR DAY TRESPASSED ON MY PROPERTY! THEY ASSAULTED ME AND DAY STOLE A NEW EXPERIMENTAL RAY I WAS WORKING ON! I DEMAND HIS ARREST!
NOW, MR. KAXTON... SURELY WE CAN SETTLE THIS OUT OF COURT! AFTER ALL, THERE WAS NO HARM DONE!
NO HARM DONE ??! I COULD NEVER DUPLICATE THAT RAY AGAIN! THE WORK OF YEARS..RUINED!
MR. KAXTON, I'VE..EH.. PERSUADED MY CLIENT, WILBUR DAY, TO WITHDRAW THE CHARGES HE MADE AGAINST YOU! HE'S NOT GOING TO SUE YOU!

HE'S NOT, EH? WELL, THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! IN THAT CASE, I'M WILLING TO FORGET THIS WHOLE THING!
I DIDN'T ACTUALLY LIE! WILBUR DAY CERTAINLY ISN'T GOING TO SUE ANYONE FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!
MATT, I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND YOUR ACTIONS THESE PAST FEW DAYS! YOU LOST US A CLIENT, ALMOST GOT INVOLVED IN A LAWSUIT YOURSELF! WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU??

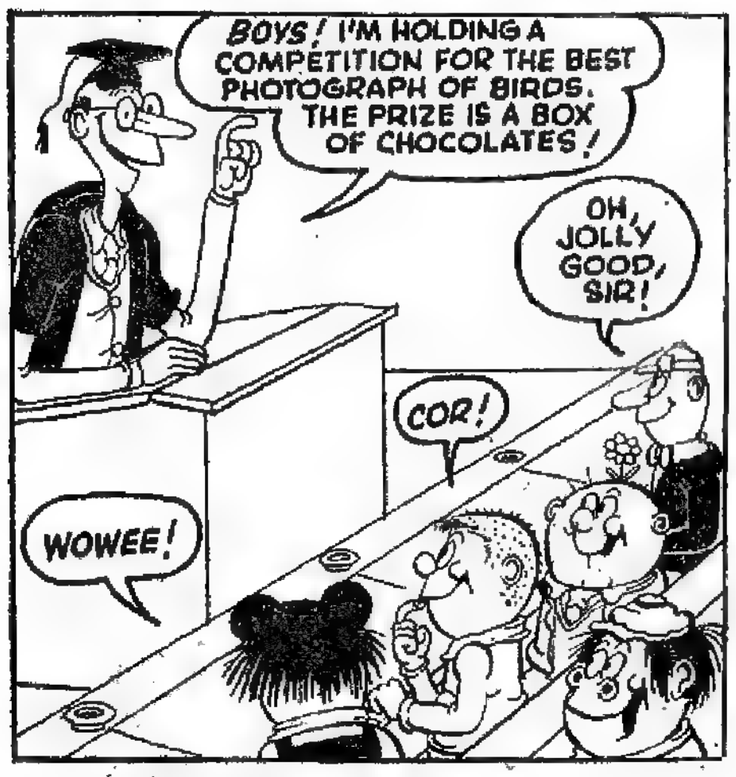
I DON'T KNOW, FOGGY! PERHAPS I JUST NEED A REST!
OH, MATT, THIS WOULD BE THE PERFECT TIME TO SEE DR. VAN EYCK, ABOUT YOUR EYE OPERATION!
NO, KAREN! I JUST CAN'T! IT'S TOO RISKY!

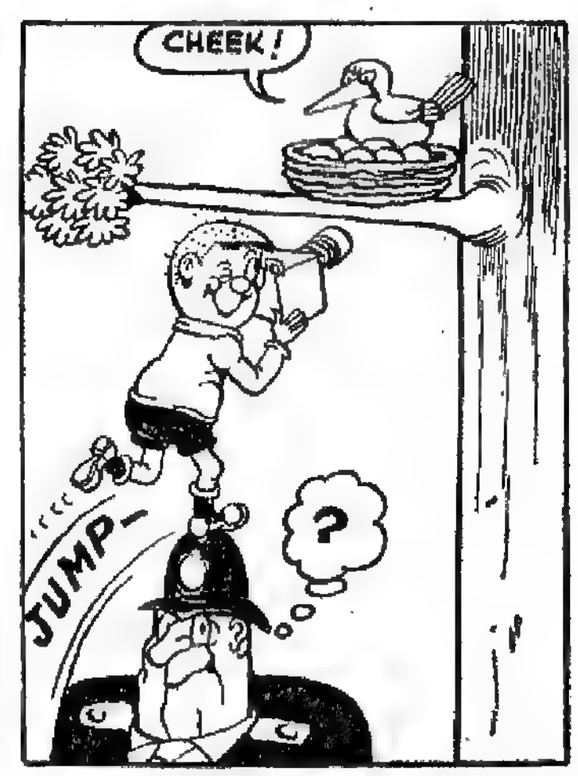
MATT MURDOCK, I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU! IF YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE AGAIN, HOW CAN YOU WORRY ABOUT THE RISK? ARE YOU JUST A COWARD??
HOW CAN I TELL HER I'M AFRAID OF LOSING MY SENSORY POWERS IF MY SIGHT RETURNS?!

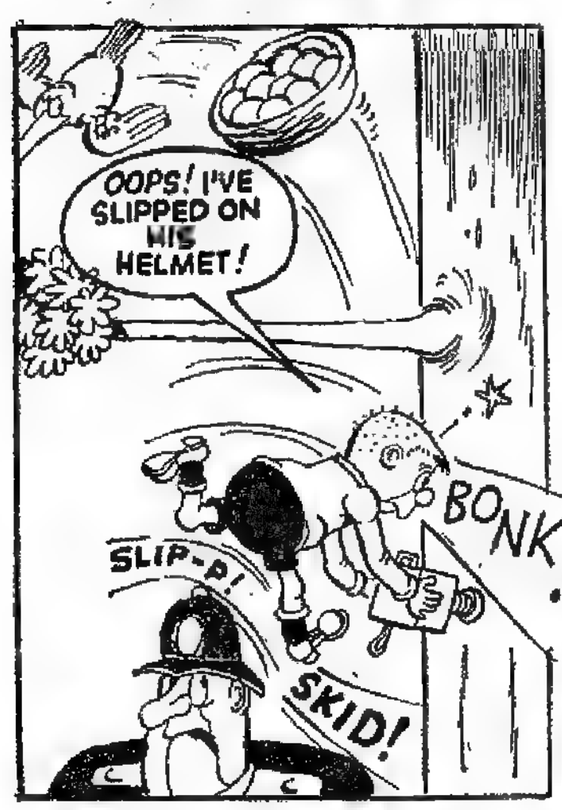
SOMETIMES I THINK YOU JUST HIDE BEHIND YOUR HANDICAP... YOU DON'T WANT TO FACE THE WORLD... TO FACE YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES..TO.. TO FALL IN LOVE..SOB!
KAREN!! NO... WAIT! KAREN... COME BACK!

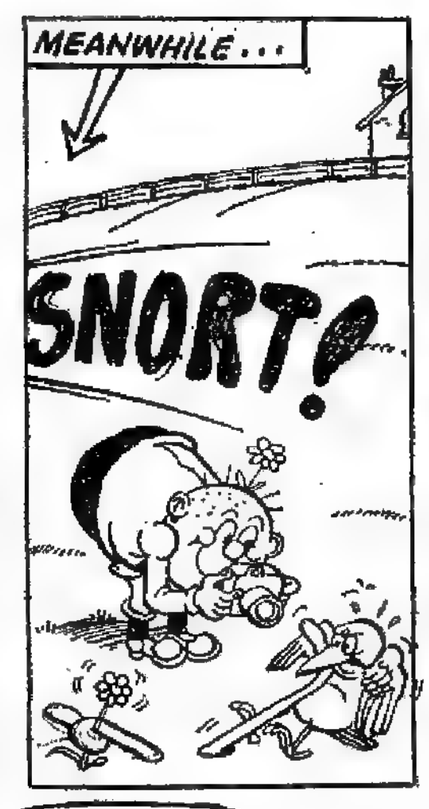
CAN SHE BE RIGHT? IS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR REALLY A COWARD... AFRAID TO RISK REGAINING HIS SIGHT? AFRAID TO ASK FOR THE HAND OF THE ONE HE LOVES??
NEXT ISSUE: DAREDEVIL FACES HIS CRUCIAL OPERATION!! YOU MUST NOT MISS IT!

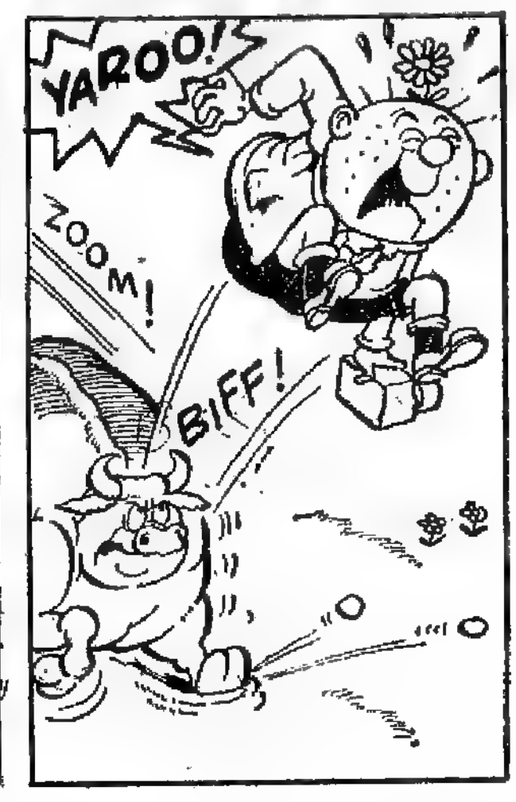
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

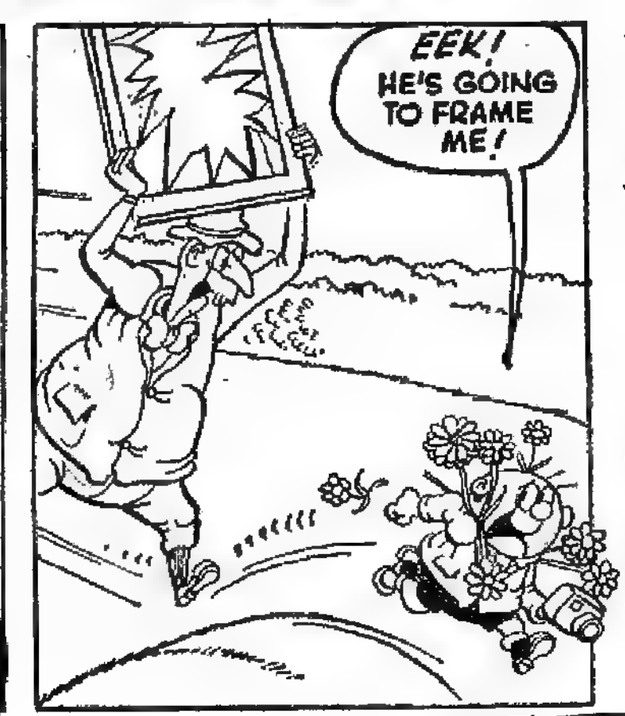


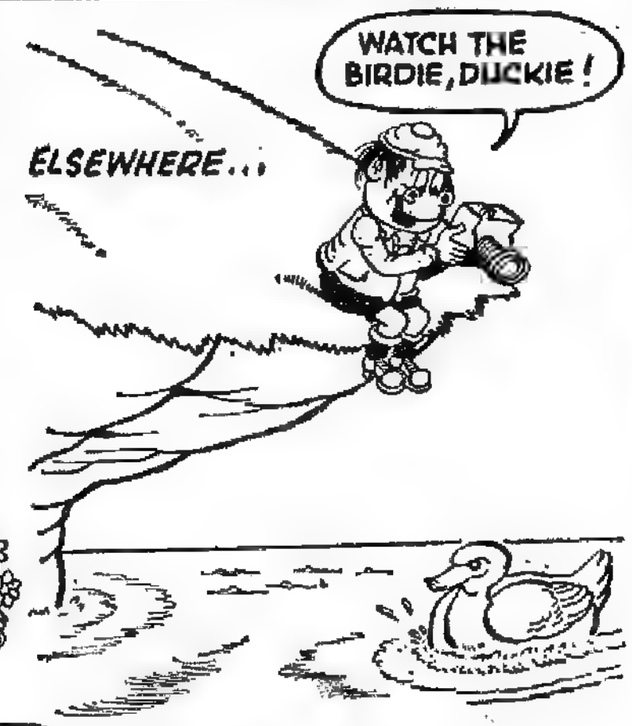


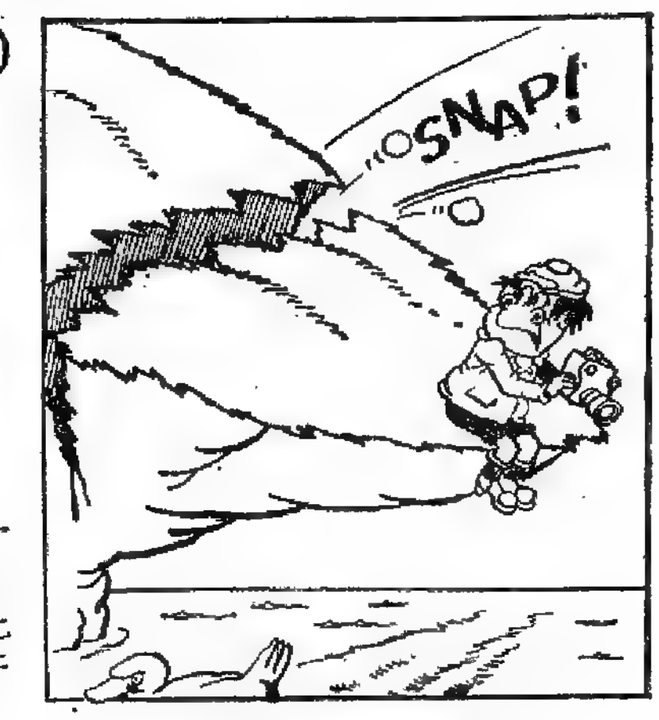


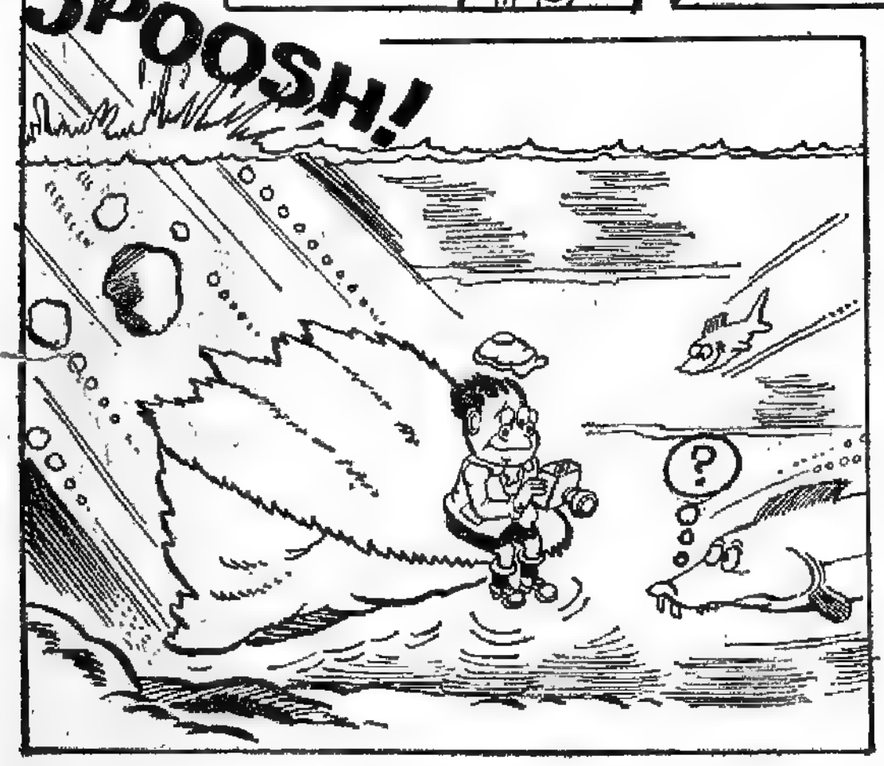


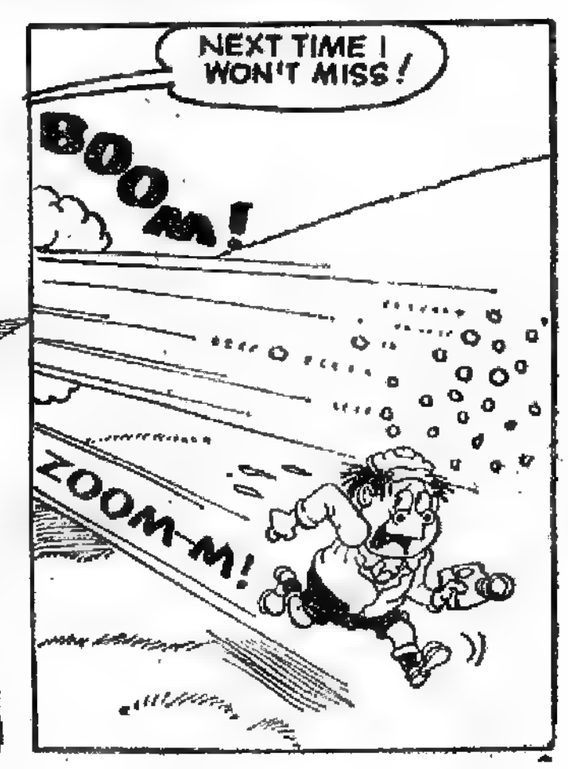








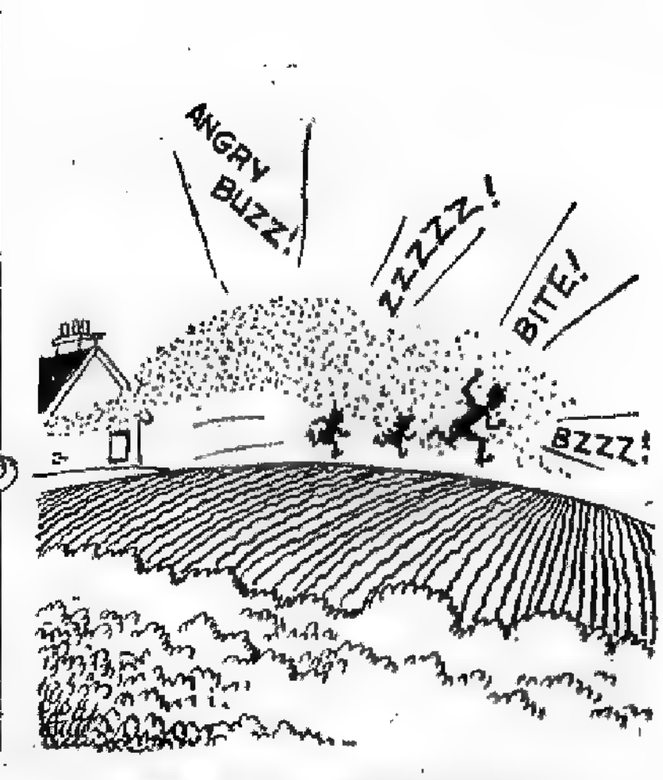


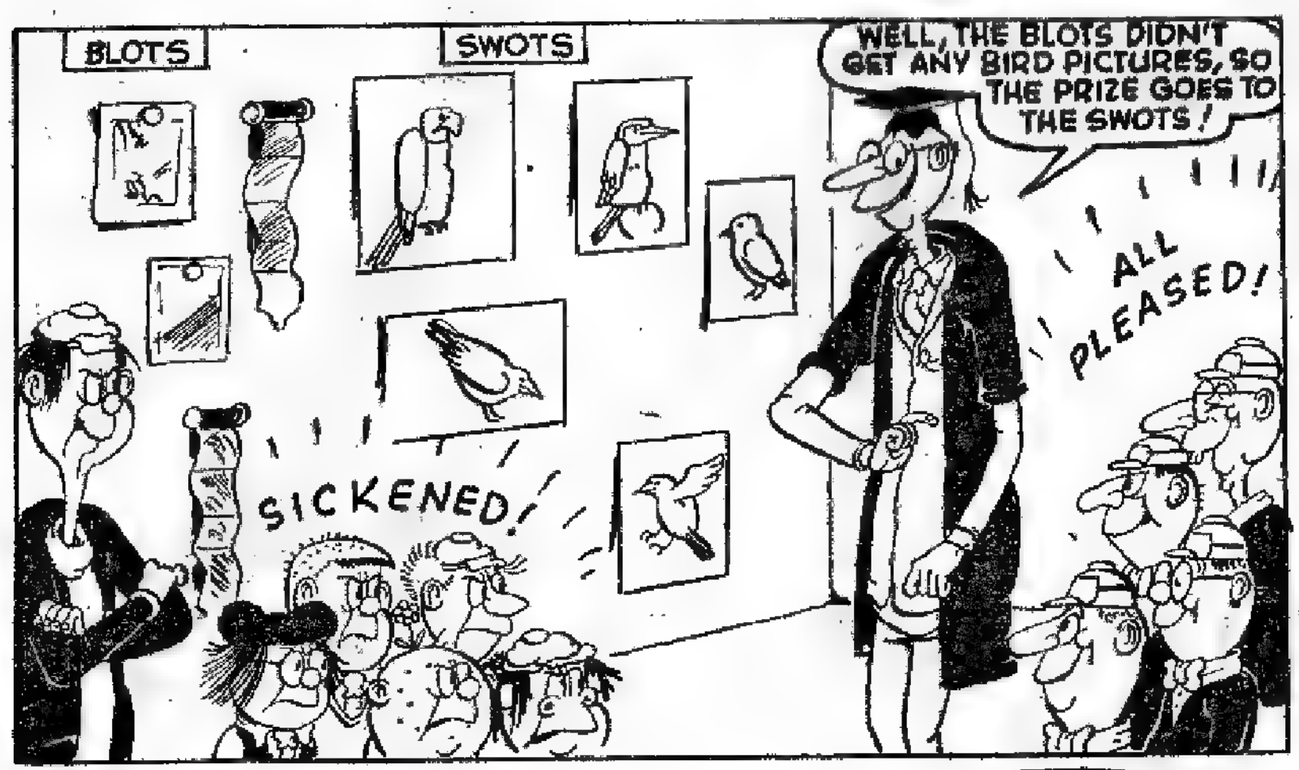


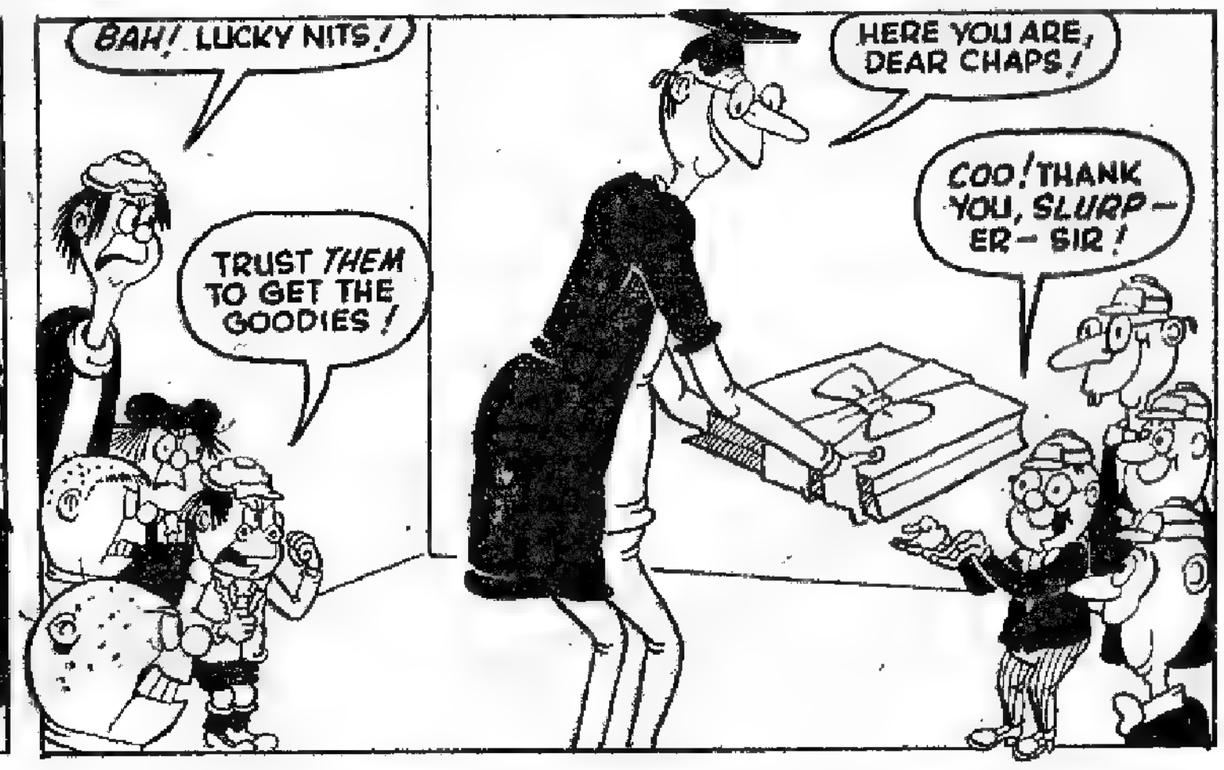
QUICK — TAKE YOUR SNAPS WHILE IT'S EATING THE CRUMBS!
FLUTTER-R!

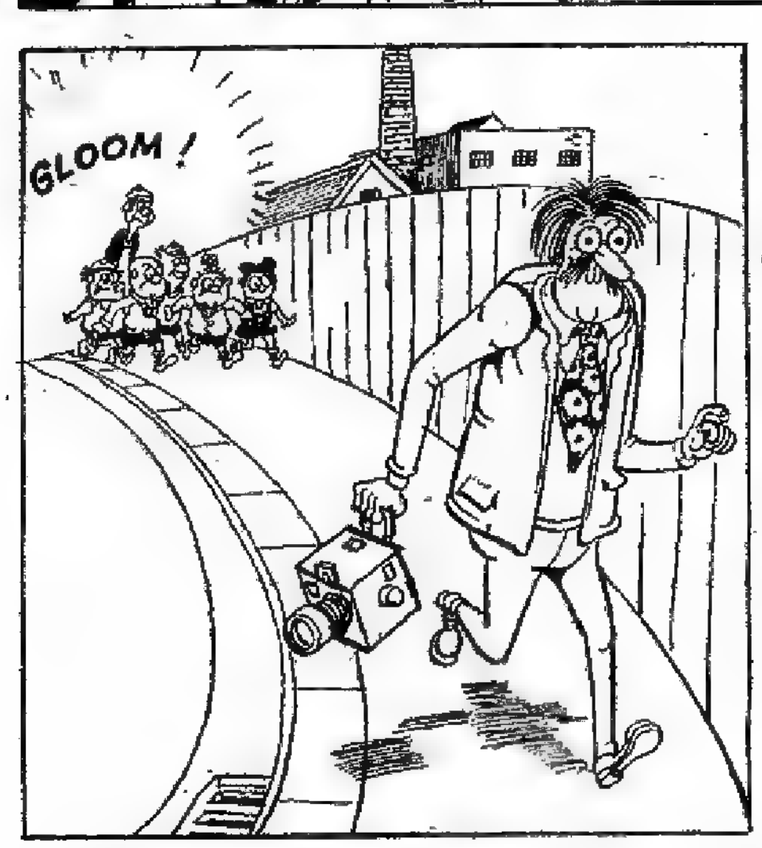
PULL IT JUST A BIT CLOSER—

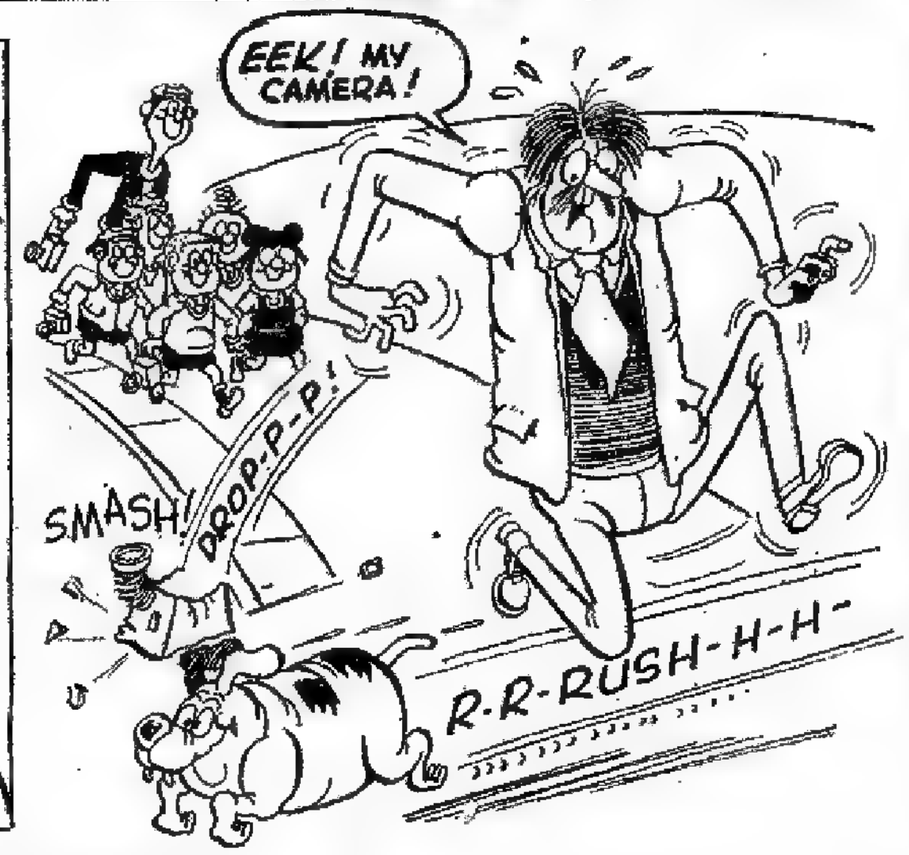
ANGRY BUZZZZ!
?
DRAG-G!
WOW! IT'S A B-BEE HIVE!

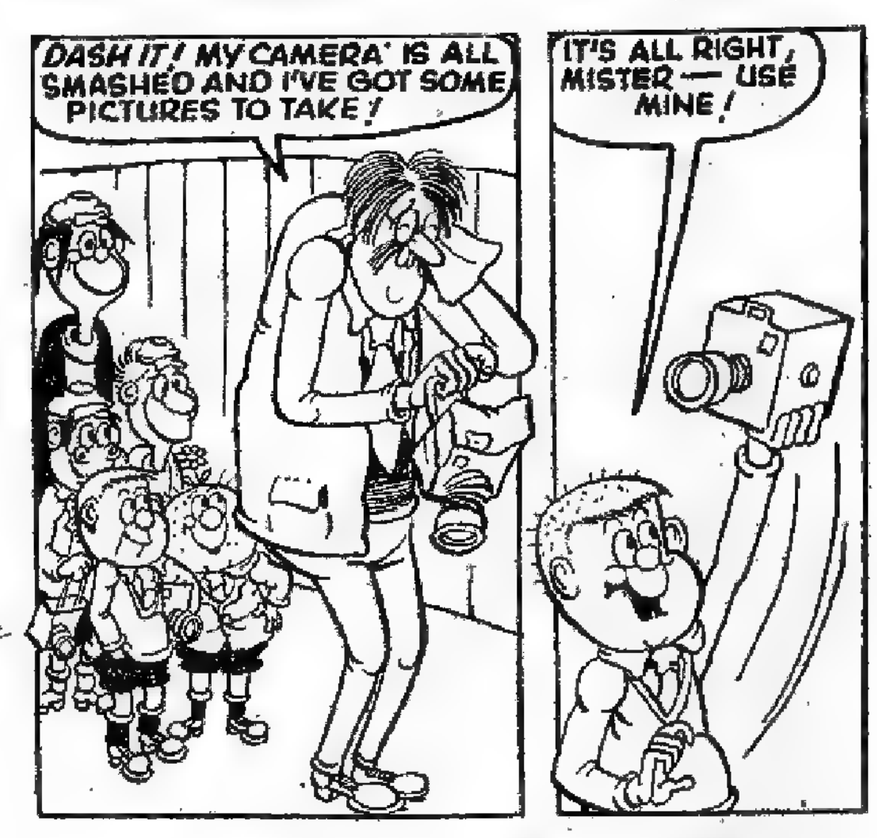

ANGRY BUZZ!
ZZZZZ!
BITE!
BZZZ!


BLOTS
SWOTS
WELL, THE BLOTS DIDN'T GET ANY BIRD PICTURES, SO THE PRIZE GOES TO THE SWOTS!
ALL PLEASED!
SICKENED!


BAH! LUCKY NITS!
TRUST THEM TO GET THE GOODIES!
HERE YOU ARE, DEAR CHAPS!
COO! THANK YOU, SLURP-ER-SIR!


GLOOM!

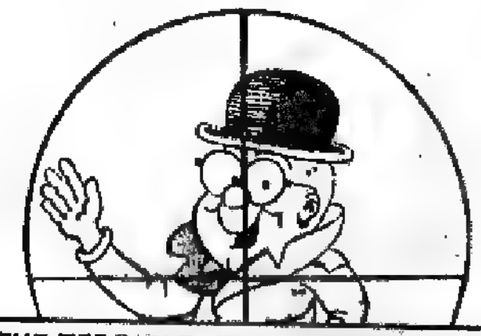

EEK! MY CAMERA!
SMASH!
DROP-P-P!
R-R-RUSH-H-H-


DASH IT! MY CAMERA IS ALL SMASHED AND I'VE GOT SOME PICTURES TO TAKE!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MISTER — USE MINE!

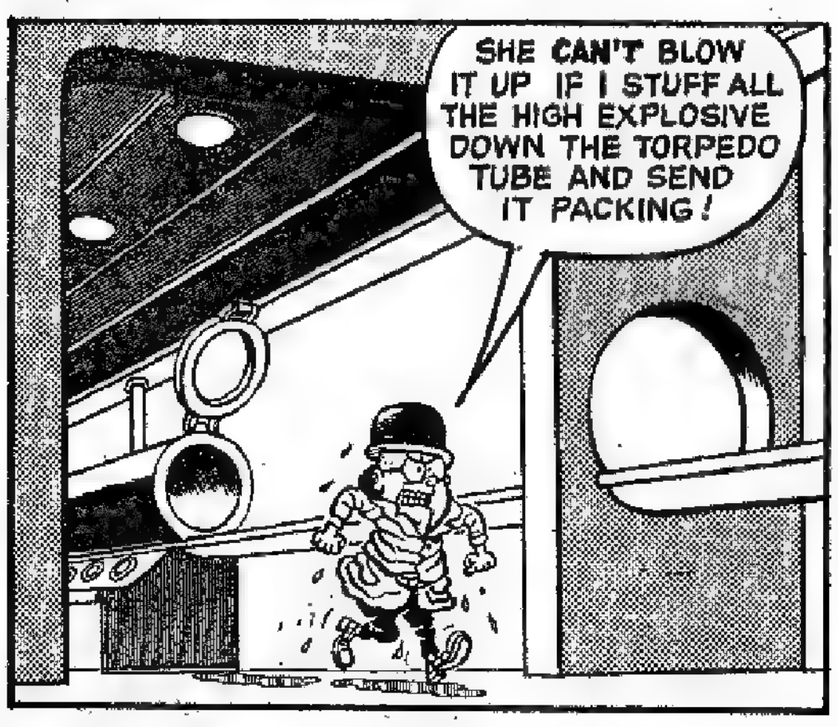
GOSH — THANKS! YOU'VE SAVED MY JOB! HERE'S £5— AND WHY DON'T YOU COME ALONG TO THE PHOTO-SESSION!
O.K. TA!

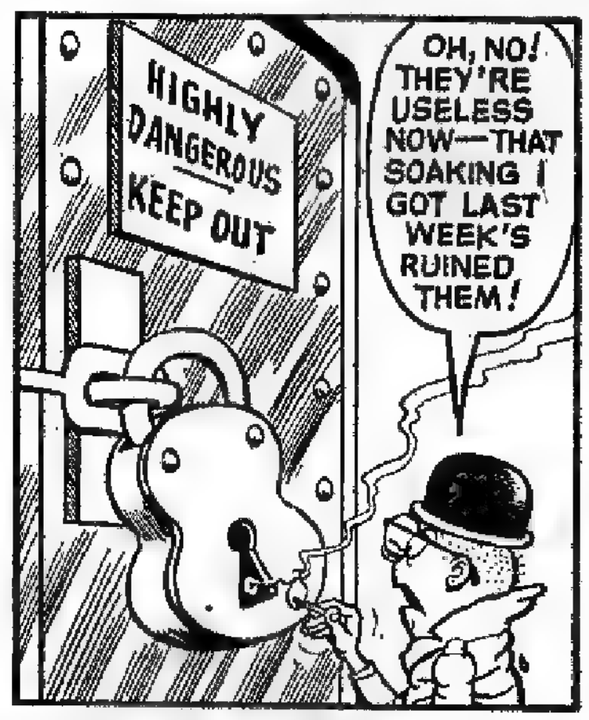
COO! A FIVER — AND WAIT TILL THOSE SWOTS SEE THE SMASHING BIRDS WE'VE PHOTOGRAPHED!
HOLD IT, GIRLS!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
BLUSH!
5
2
1
7
4
SLUPP!
TCK! TCK!
BAH! I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO'S NOT ENJOYING THIS!

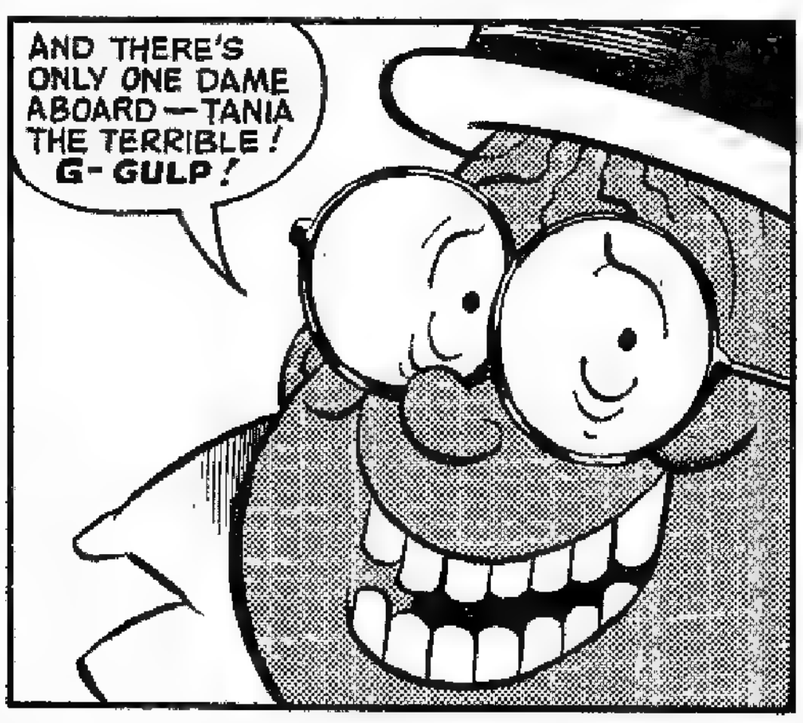
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

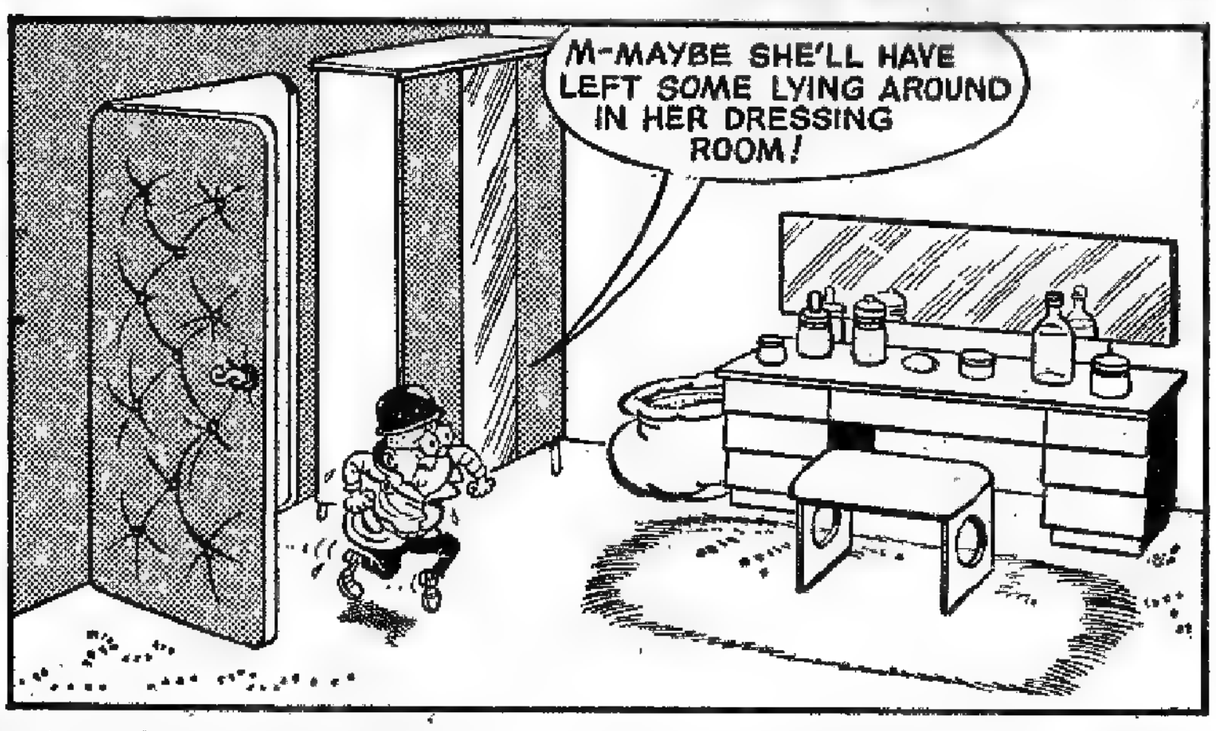


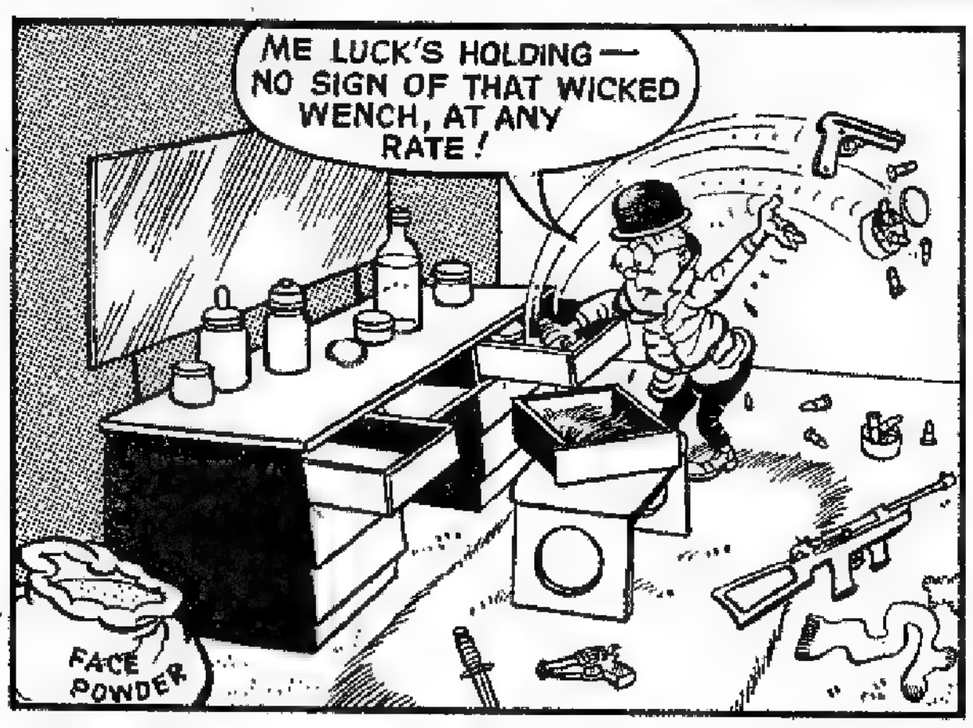
TANIA THE TERRIBLE HAS DEVISED A SCHEME TO BLOW A HOLE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AND WATCH BRITAIN SLIDE DOWN INTO IT—AND IT'S THE **MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.'S** JOB TO STOP HER! TANIA DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT HE'S ABOARD HER SUBMARINE RIGHT THIS MINUTE...

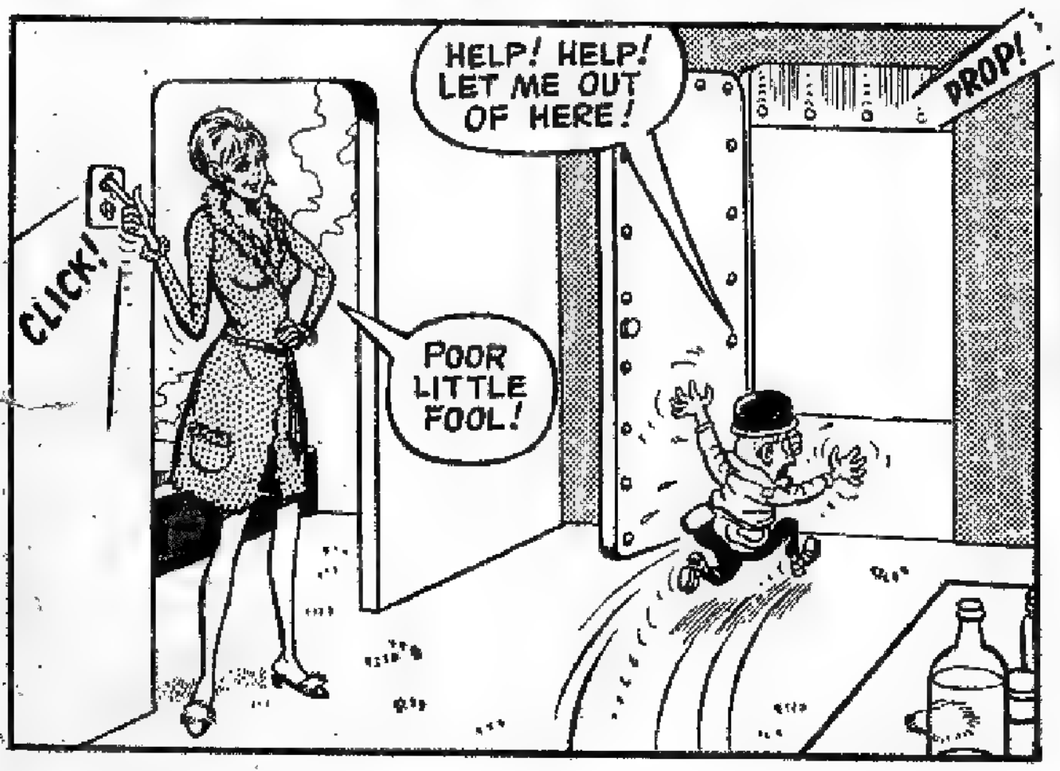


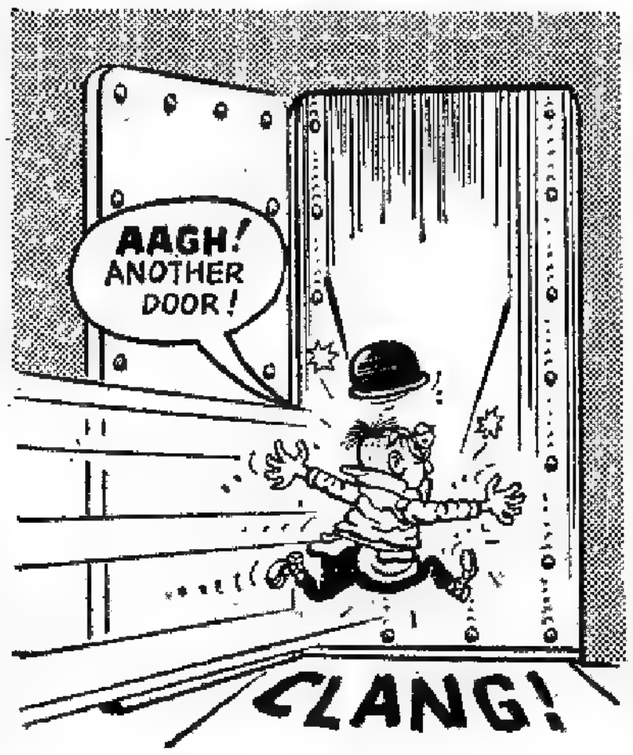


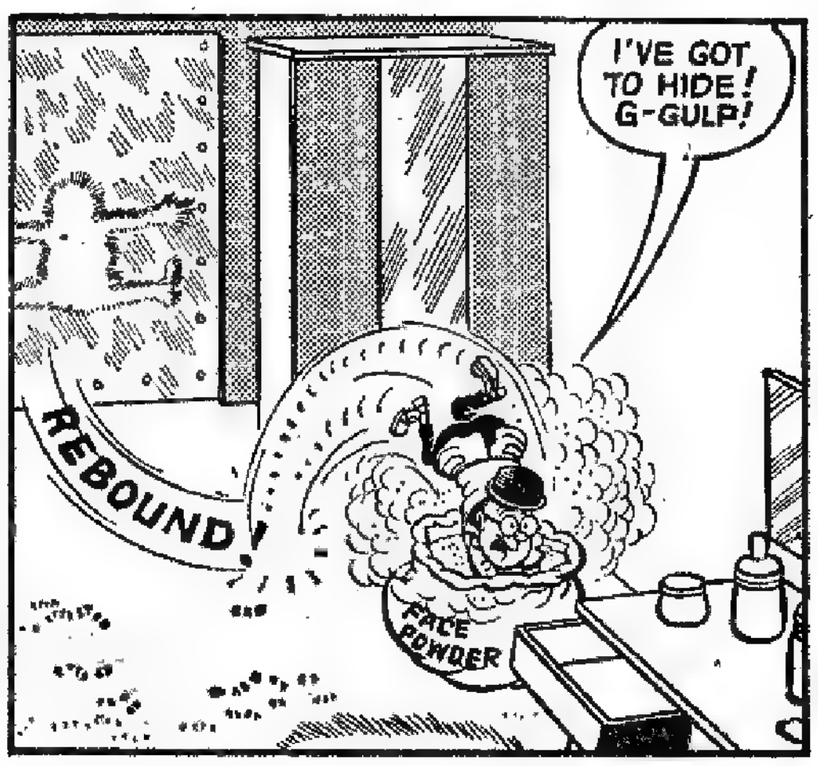




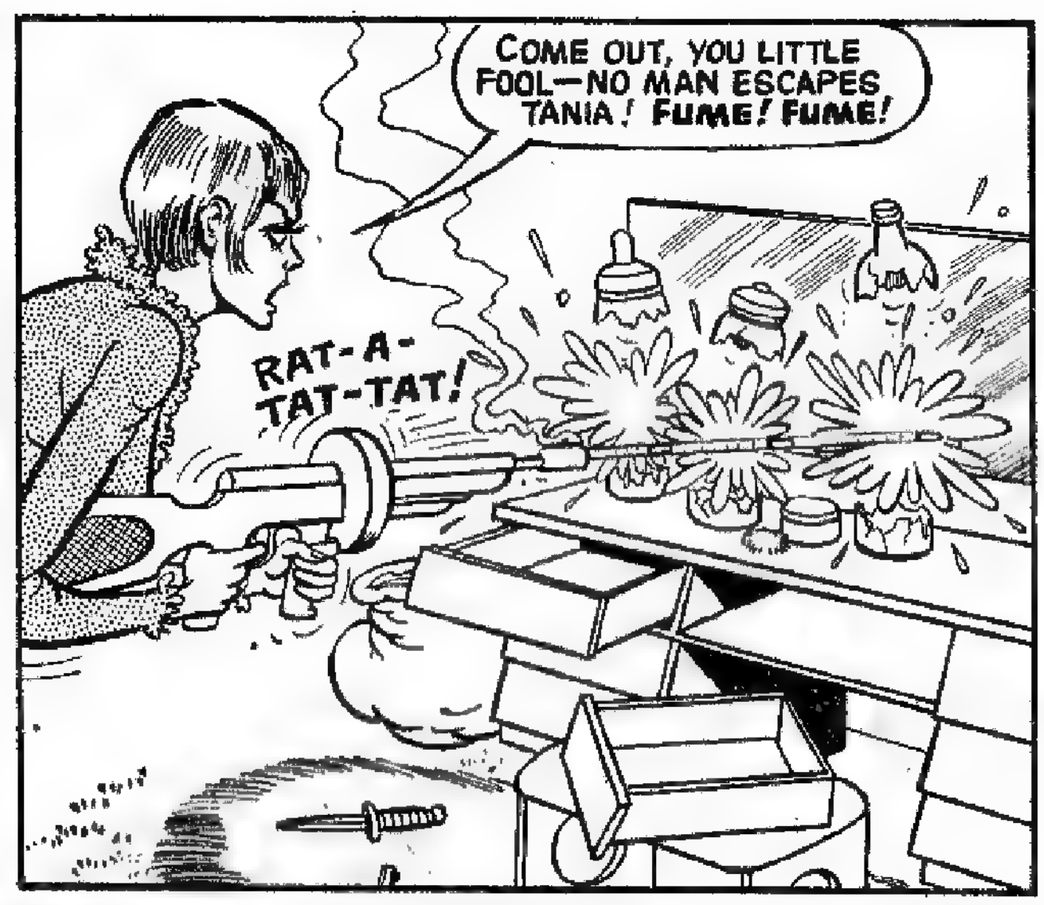


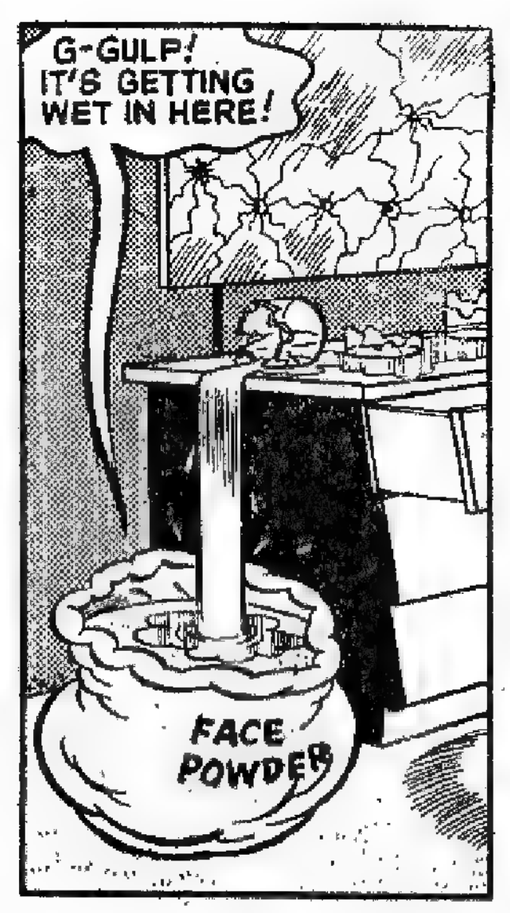






LARRY REBOUNDED SO QUICKLY THAT EVEN TANIA'S SHARP EYES COULD NOT FOLLOW HIM...
GRR! WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S THE TWIT GONE?
FACE POWDER

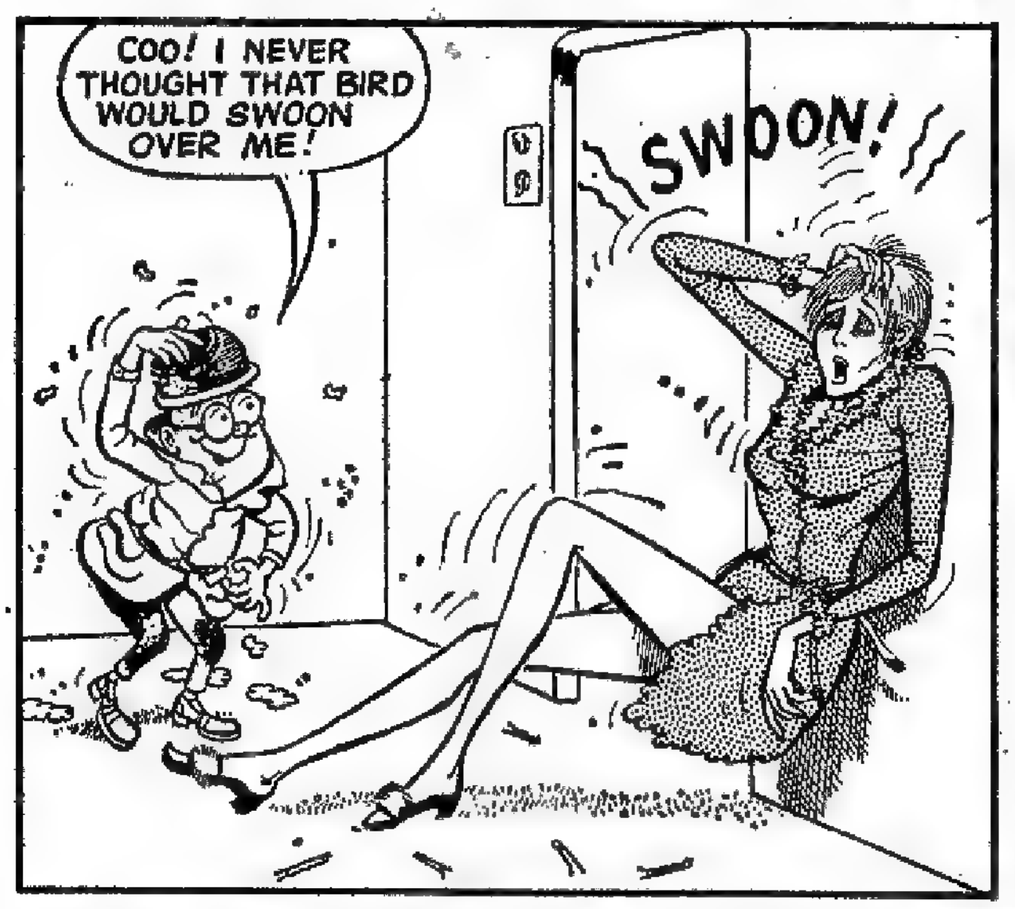

COME OUT, YOU LITTLE FOOL—NO MAN ESCAPES TANIA! FUME! FUME!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT!


G-GULP! IT'S GETTING WET IN HERE!
FACE POWDER

I HEARD SOMETHING IN THERE— COME OUT OR I FIRE AGAIN!
IT'S EITHER THAT OR THE DEATH OF COLD! SNIFF! SNIFF!
FACE POWDER

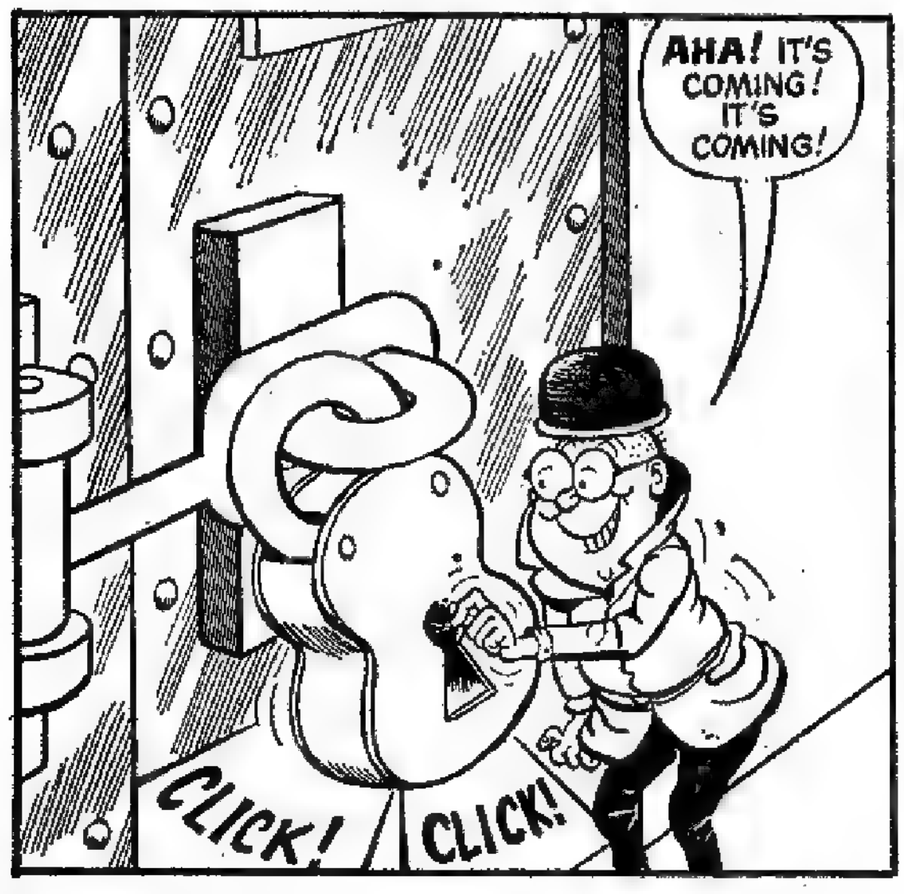
I SURRENDER!

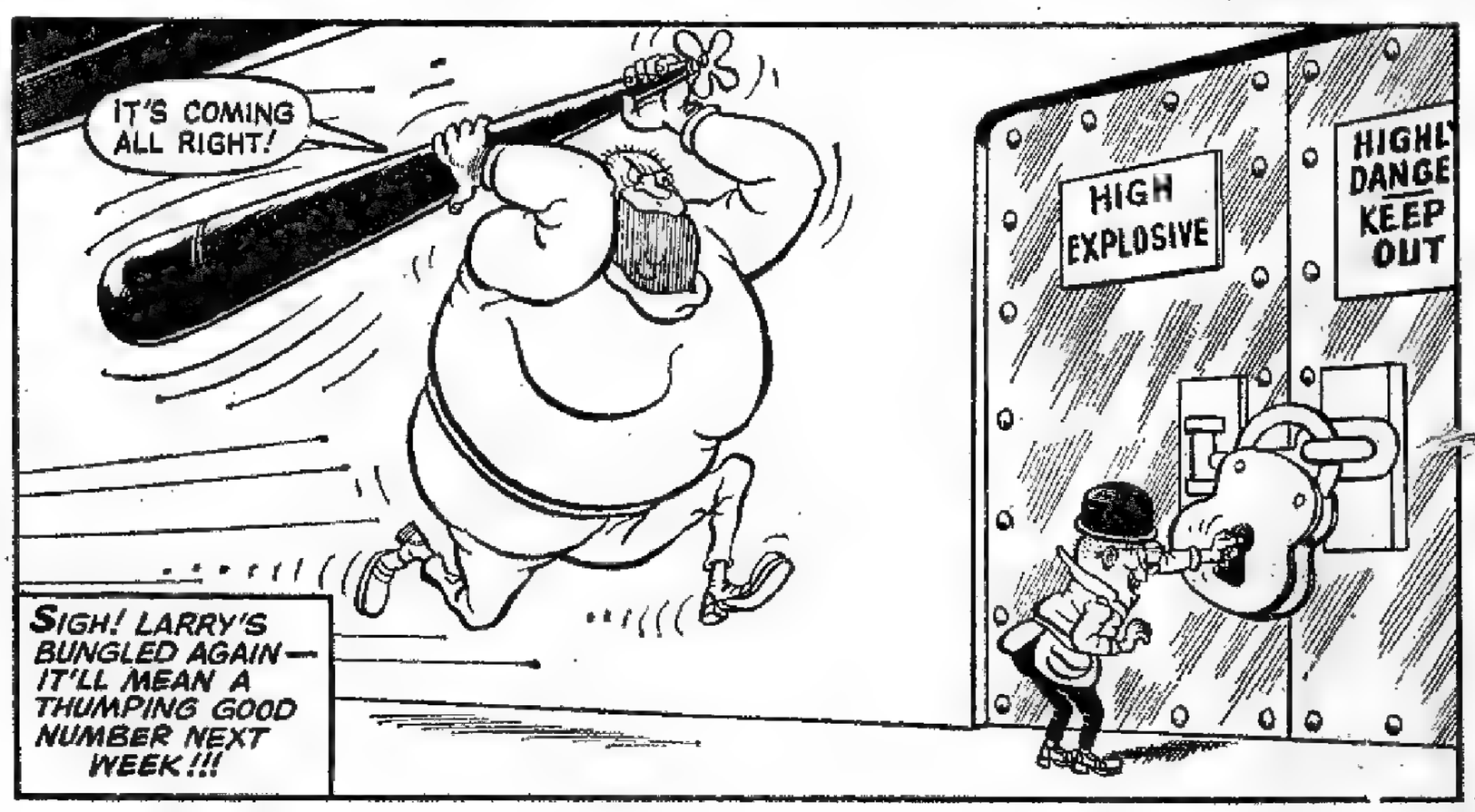
AAGH! SHRIEK! I MUST HAVE GOT HIM! HE HAS COME BACK TO HAUNT ME—HE'S A GHOSTY!


COO! I NEVER THOUGHT THAT BIRD WOULD SWOON OVER ME!
SWOON!

PLENTY OF HAIRPINS NOW— THANKS, OLD GIRL!

NOW TO HAVE ANOTHER GO AT THAT PADLOCK— I DON'T RECKON TANIA WILL BOTHER ME JUST YET!


AHA! IT'S COMING! IT'S COMING!
CLICK!
CLICK!


IT'S COMING ALL RIGHT!
HIGH EXPLOSIVE
HIGHLY DANGE KEEP OUT
SIGH! LARRY'S BUNGLED AGAIN— IT'LL MEAN A THUMPING GOOD NUMBER NEXT WEEK!!!

For You this Xmas!

THRILLS AND FUN GALORE!

in these exciting New Annuals

SMASH! ANNUAL 1968

Even BETTER than last year—this sparkling new edition of your very own annual! Fun and thrills on every page, with Rubberman, The Legend Testers, Bad Penny, The Nervs, and lots more of your favourite SMASH! characters. 94 colour-illustrated pages.

Only 8/6

NEW this year!

POW! ANNUAL 1968

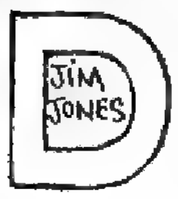
This brand-new annual is packed with fascinating strips featuring the hilarious and thrilling adventures of such popular POW! characters as The Dolls of St. Dominic's, Nobby's Nightmares, The Group, and Dare-a-Day Davy. 94 colour-illustrated pages. **Only 9/6**

MAKE SURE OF YOURS NOW!

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS

MEET... Mister Knowall

ASK your mates if anyone can write their name in one letter. You'll get quite a few giggles before everyone gives up trying. But it's dead easy . . . as the drawing shows!



BODYGUARDS

If the F.B.I. look after President Johnson and the C.I.D. look after Mr. Wilson — who looks after General De Gaulle? I'll give you de answer next week.

BLOW IT!

Get a really heavy book, lay it flat on the table, and ask anyone if they can blow it off. Of course it's impossible—without the Knowall know-how. You simply put a balloon or paper bag under the book on the table edge. Blow it up—and the book will topple off as the bag or balloon inflates.

Way out cartoon

Can you think up a way-out cartoon? You can? Good! Send it to Mr. Knowall at 96 Long Acre.

Jumping crackers!

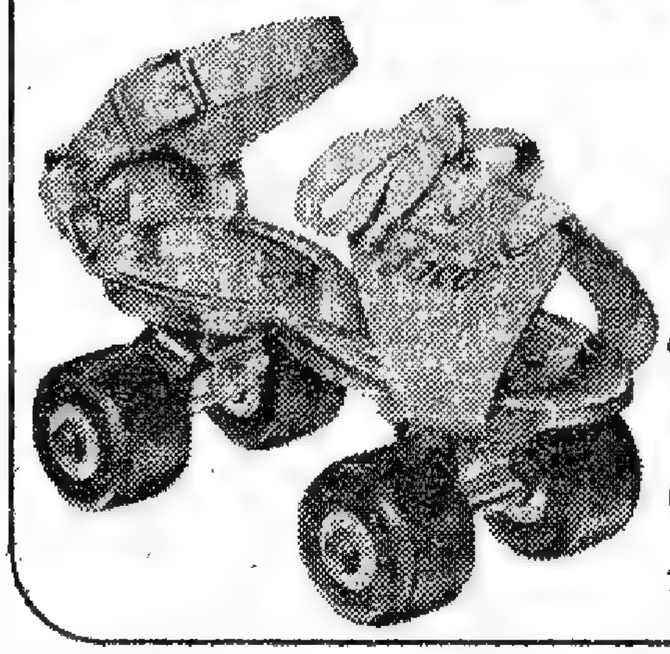
TAKE a pencil from your pocket and challenge your mates to jump over it when you lay it on the floor. They'll think you're crazy—till you lay it against the wall in the corner of the room.

Now, do you think that you could jump higher than a goalpost? You don't think so? — Well, think again—because a goalpost can't jump at all!

best fun on

WHEEEE EEELS!

"Jacoskates"



STRONG · SWIFT
SMOOTH · SILENT

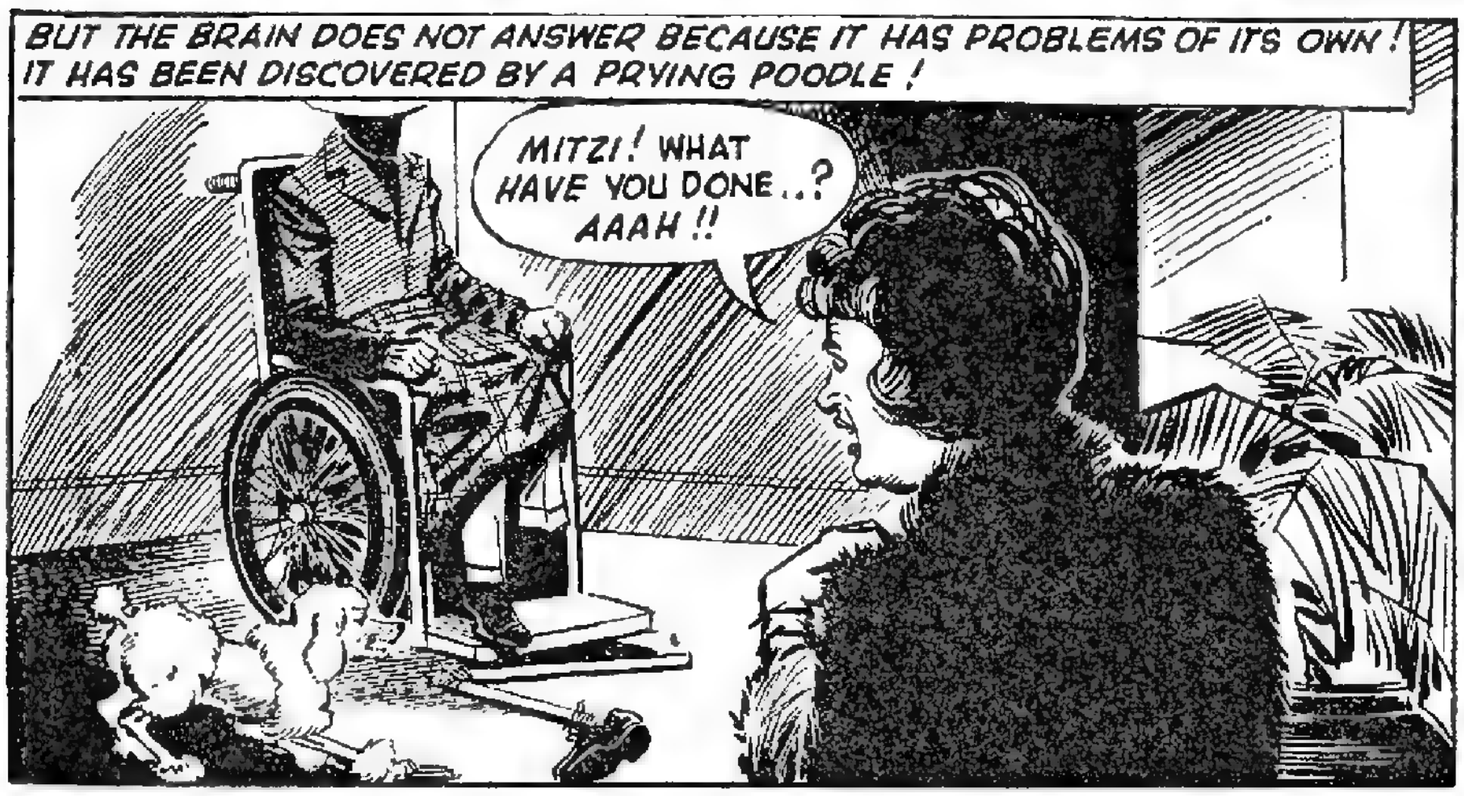
(yet cost no more than ordinary skates)

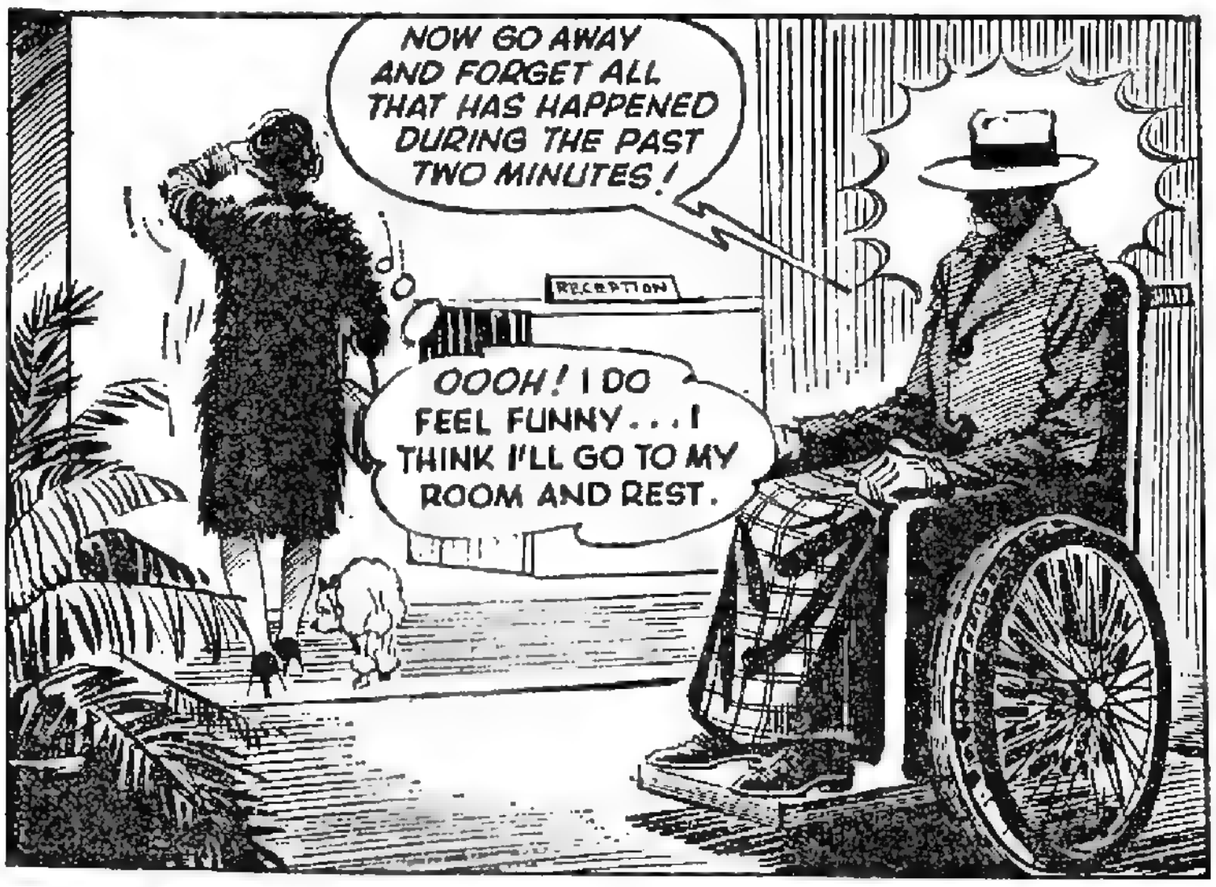
Choose now for Christmas! Full range from only 22/9, from sports and toys shops.

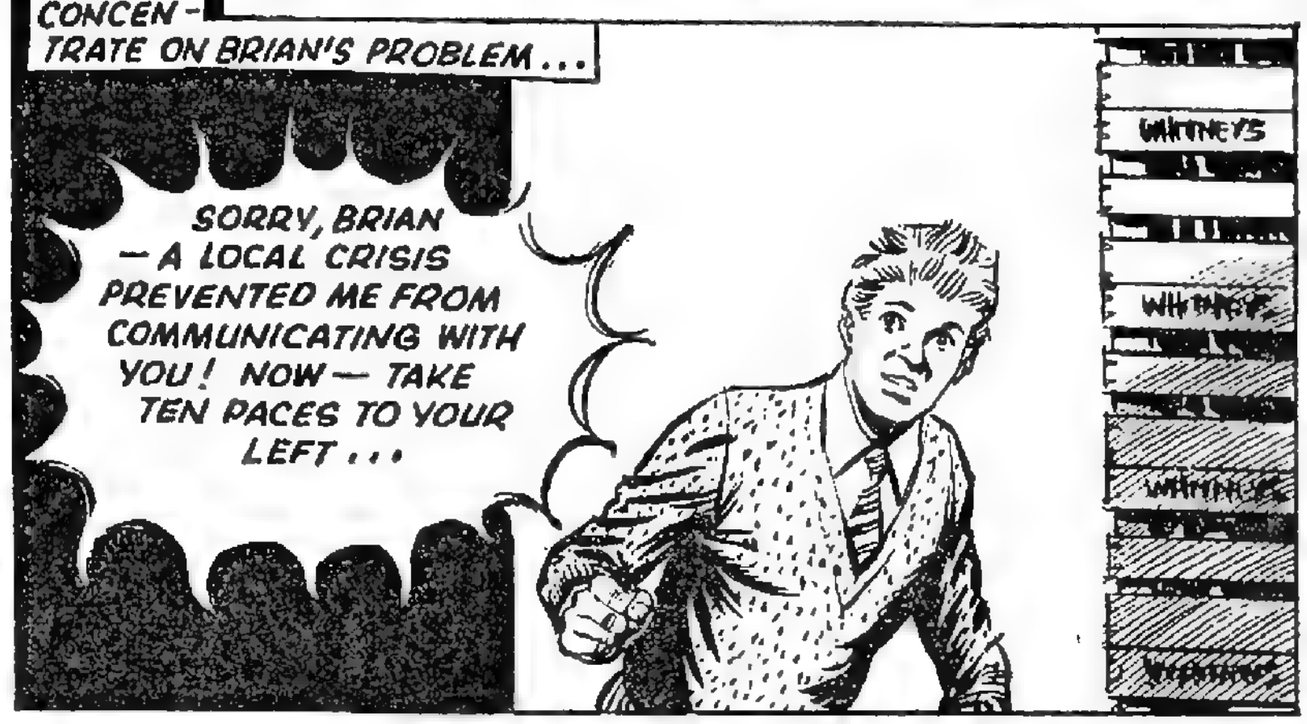
Model No.1 39/11

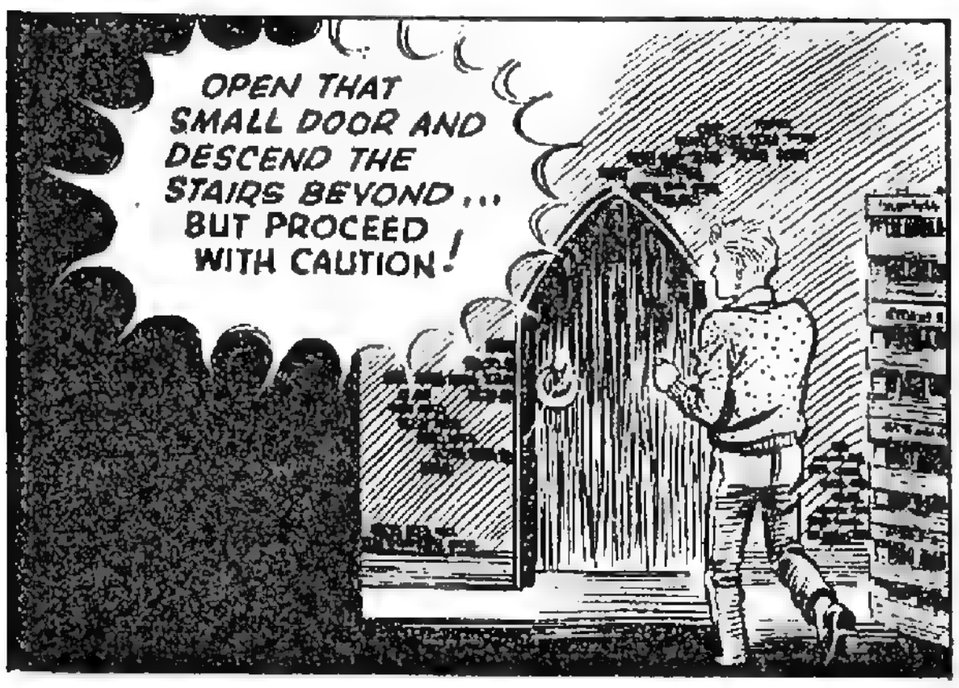
Jacobs Roller Skates
78/82 Hackney Road, London E2

BRIAN'S BRAIN









HEH! HEH! NOW ARE YOU READY TO TALK ?—
TALK ! — WHAT ABOUT ?

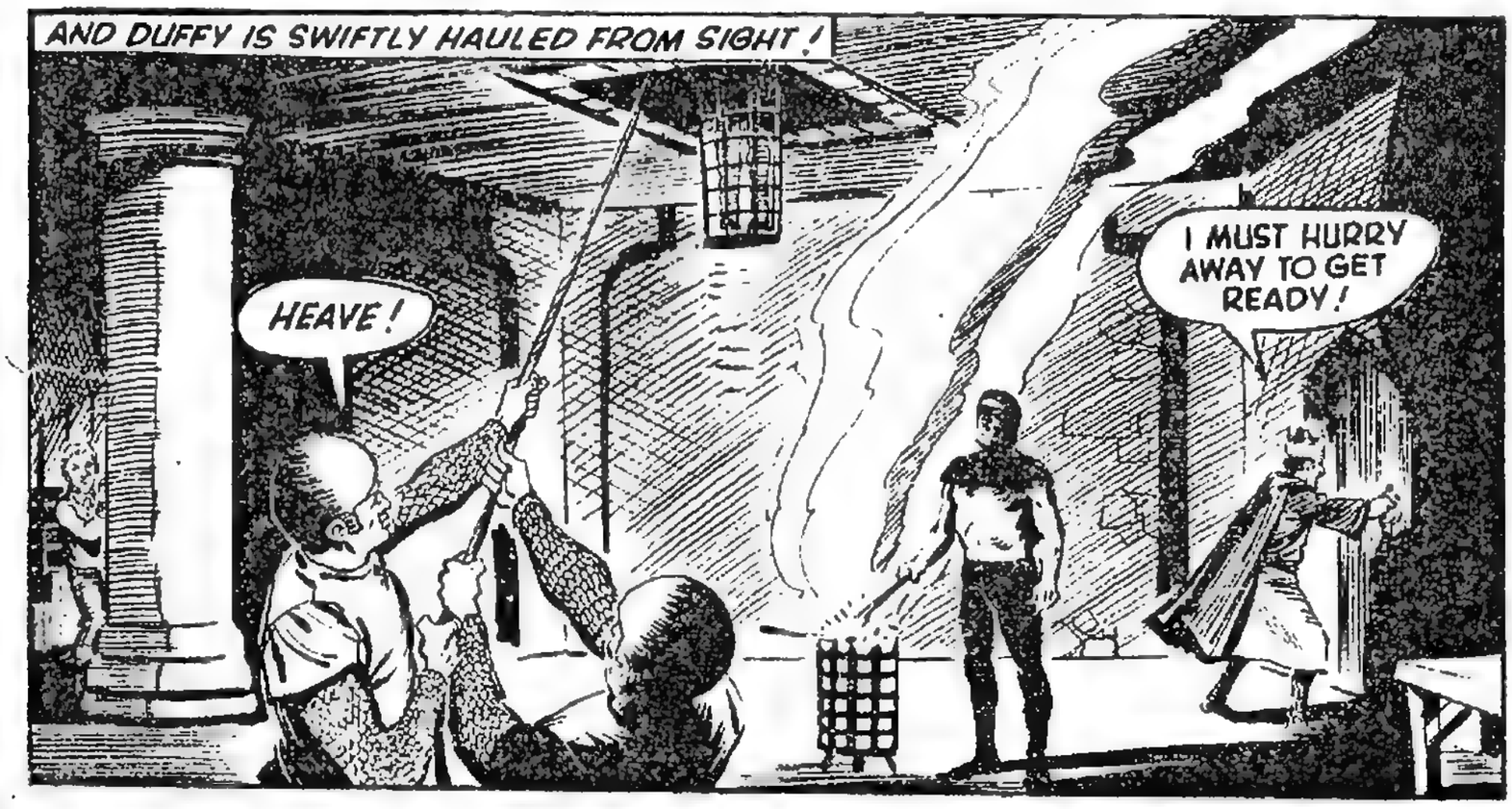
TREASURE, LAD! TREASURE!

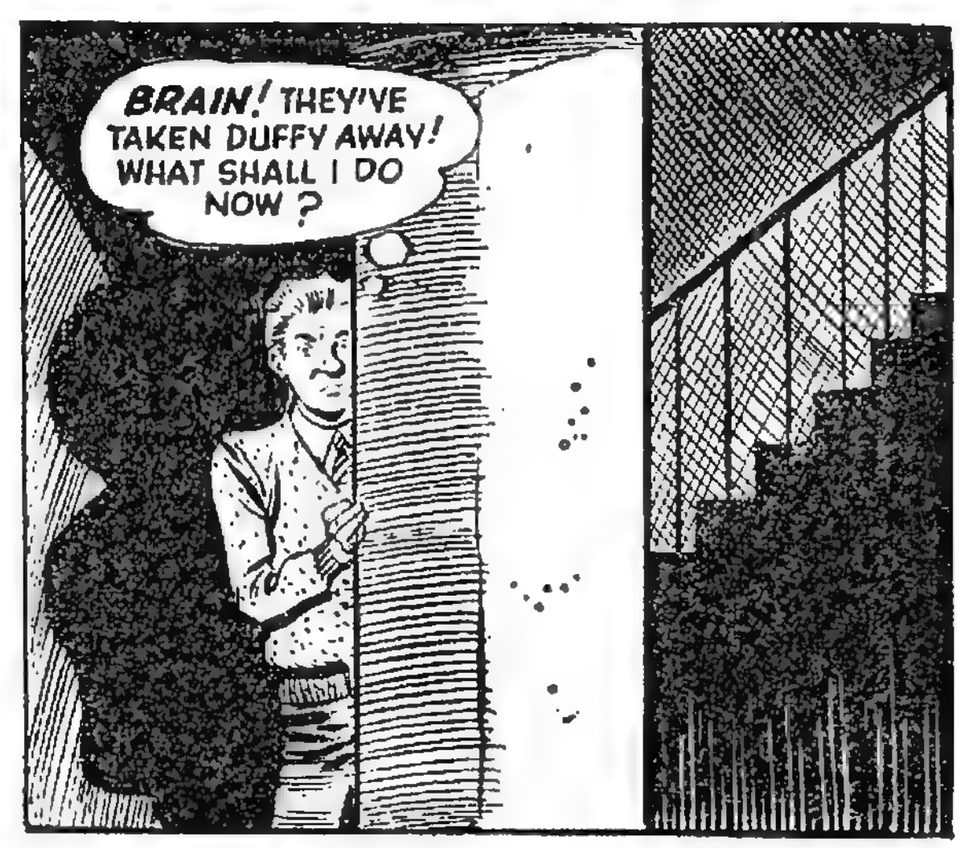
I-I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS ... I COULDN'T TELL YOU EVEN IF I WANTED TO . . .
WHO DOES KNOW . . ?

BRIAN'S BRAI . . . ER . . . UNCLE! HE KNOWS HOW TO FIND IT !

AT THIS MOMENT, BRIAN PEERS IN AT THE GRIM SCENE . . .
PAH! WE'LL QUESTION THIS UNCLE LATER ... AND I HOPE HE'S MORE FUN IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER THAN YOU! – YOU TALK TOO EASILY !

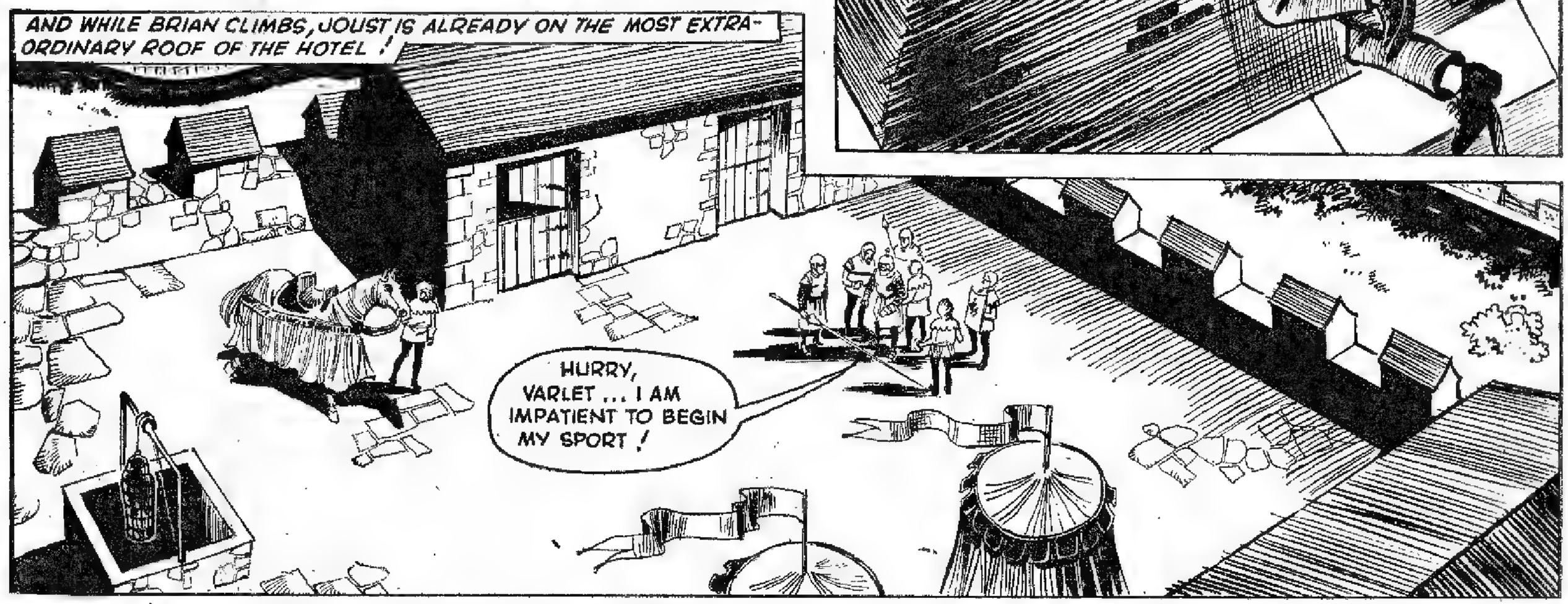
THEN JOUST HAS ANOTHER EVIL THOUGHT . . .
AHA! BUT I'LL HAVE SOME SPORT WITH THIS PRISONER YET! HOIST HIM TO MY JOUSTING YARD !


AND DUFFY IS SWIFTLY HAULED FROM SIGHT !
HEAVE !
I MUST HURRY AWAY TO GET READY !

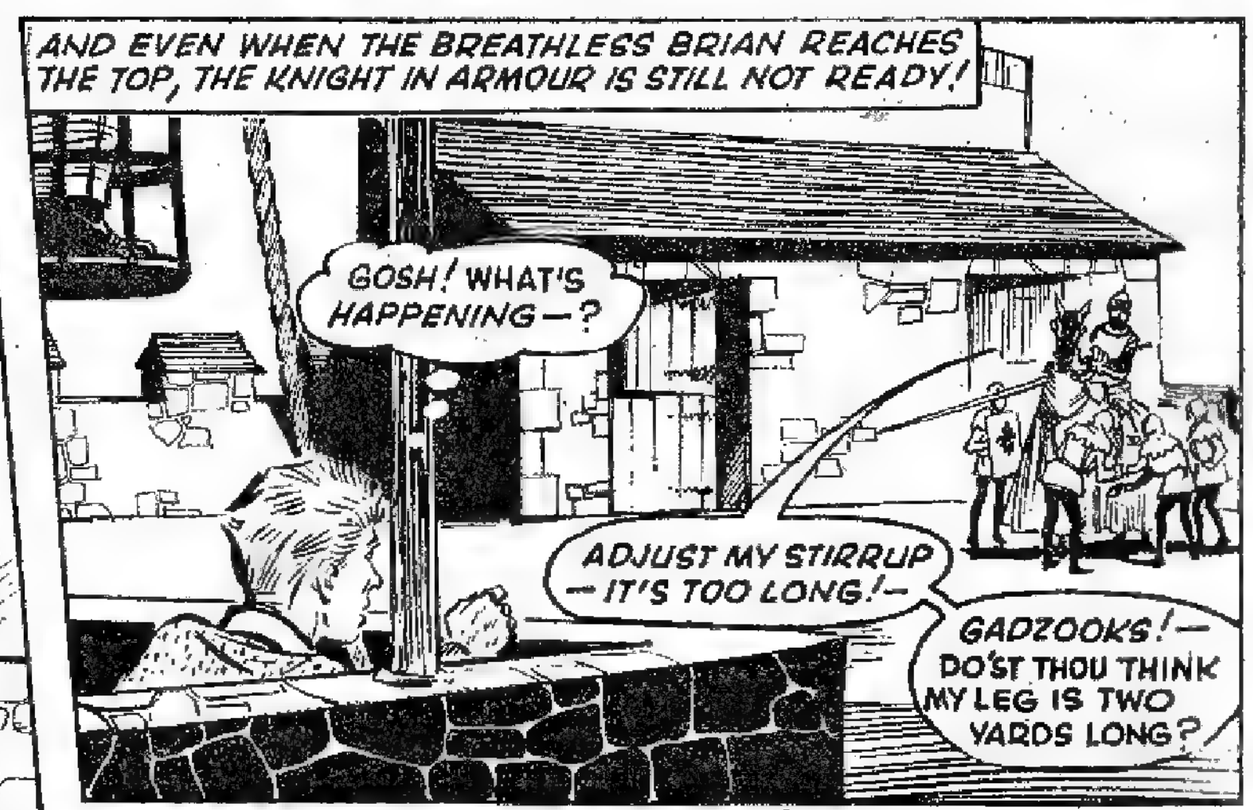

BRAIN! THEY'VE TAKEN DUFFY AWAY! WHAT SHALL I DO NOW ?

I KNOW, BRIAN! REMEMBER — I CAN SEE EVERYTHING THROUGH YOUR EYES! WHEN THE MEN-AT-ARMS LEAVE THE CHAMBER, CLIMB UP THE ROPE AFTER DUFFY!

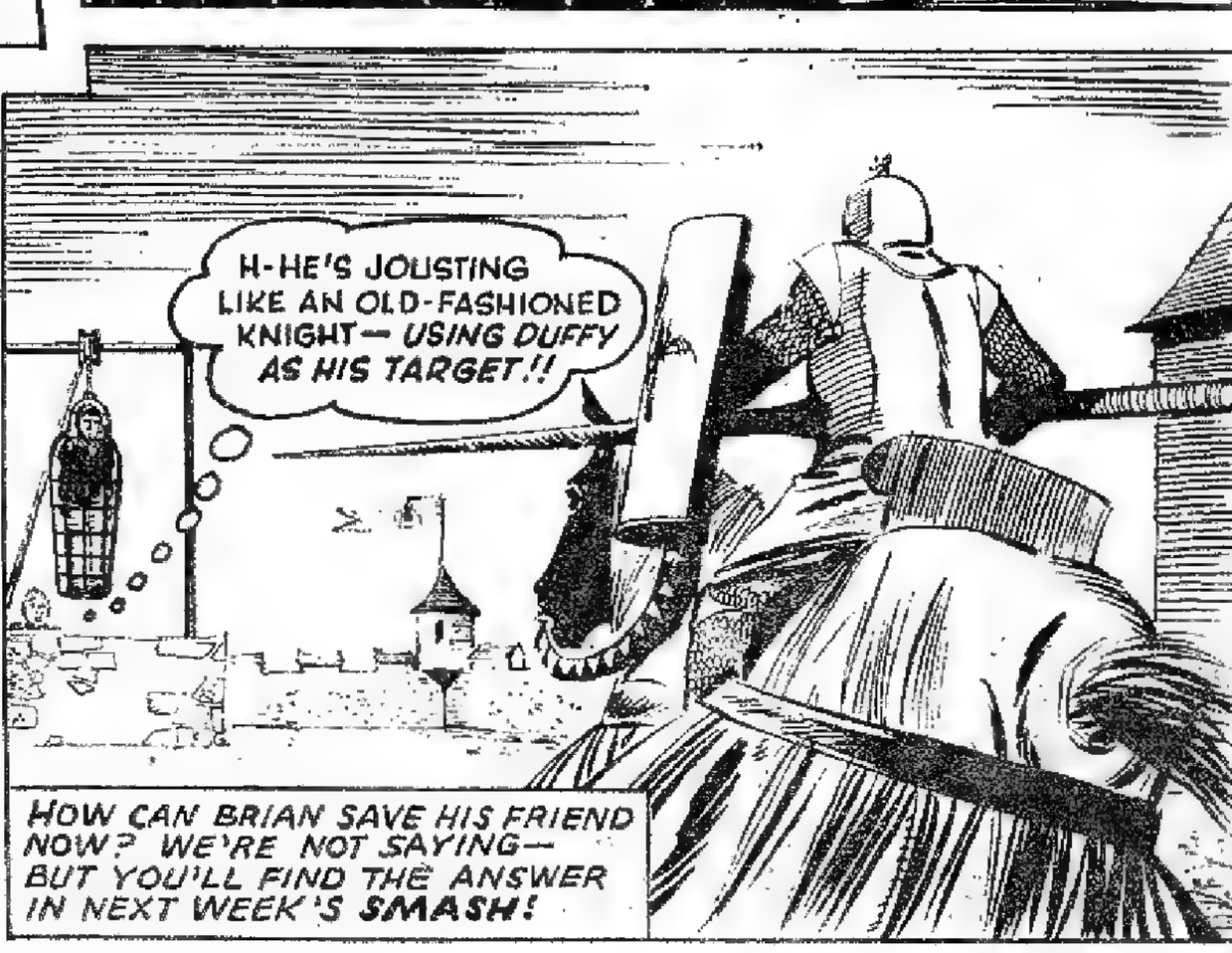
AND SO, TRUSTING IN THE BRAIN, BRIAN MAKES THE DARING CLIMB!


AND WHILE BRIAN CLIMBS, JOUST IS ALREADY ON THE MOST EXTRA-ORDINARY ROOF OF THE HOTEL!
HURRY, VARLET ... I AM IMPATIENT TO BEGIN MY SPORT!

IT TAKES THE EFFORTS OF SEVERAL MEN TO GET RUPERT JOUST UPON THE BACK OF HIS CHARGER!
PUSH, YOU LAZY OAFS ... NOT TOO HARD! YOU'LL HAVE ME OVER THE OTHER SIDE!

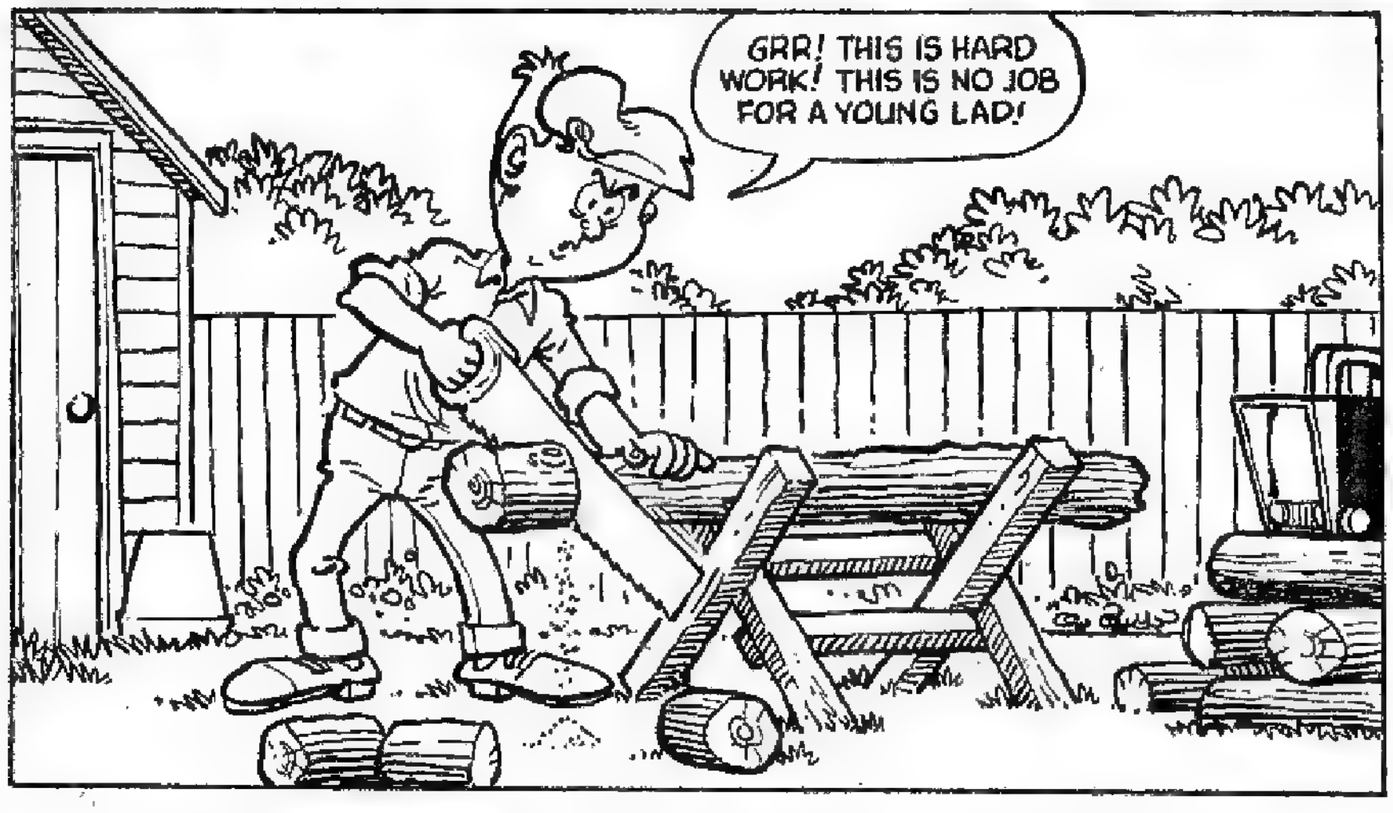

AND EVEN WHEN THE BREATHLESS BRIAN REACHES THE TOP, THE KNIGHT IN ARMOUR IS STILL NOT READY!
GOSH! WHAT'S HAPPENING —?
ADJUST MY STIRRUP — IT'S TOO LONG! —
GADZOOKS! — DO'ST THOU THINK MY LEG IS TWO YARDS LONG?

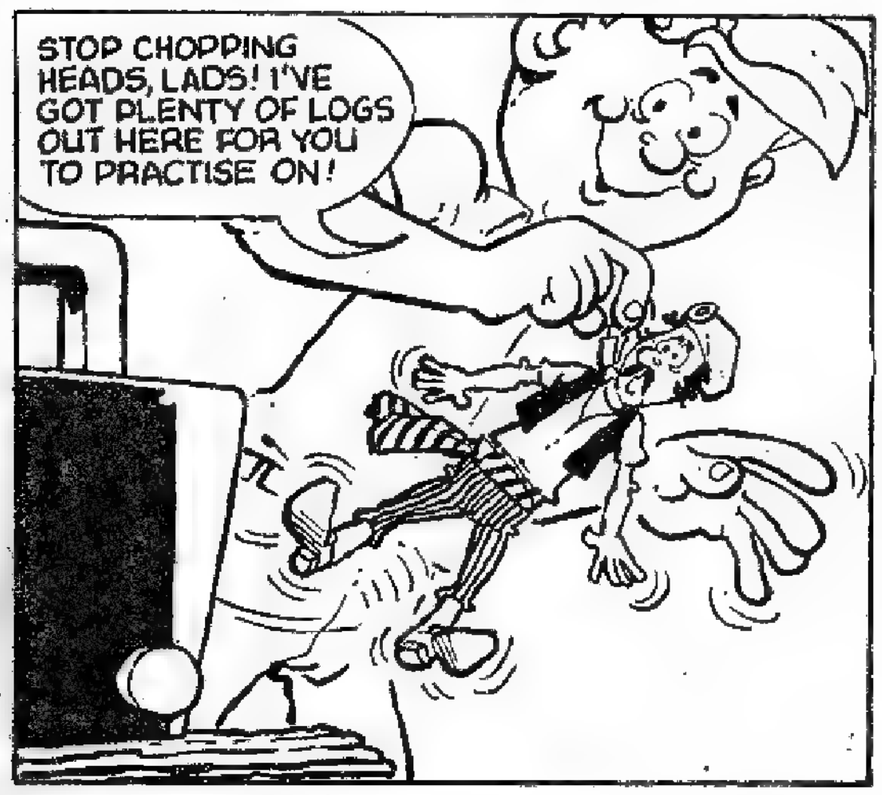
BUT FINALLY THE ATTENDANTS STAND BACK AND JOUST DIGS CRUEL SPURS INTO HIS MOUNT . . .

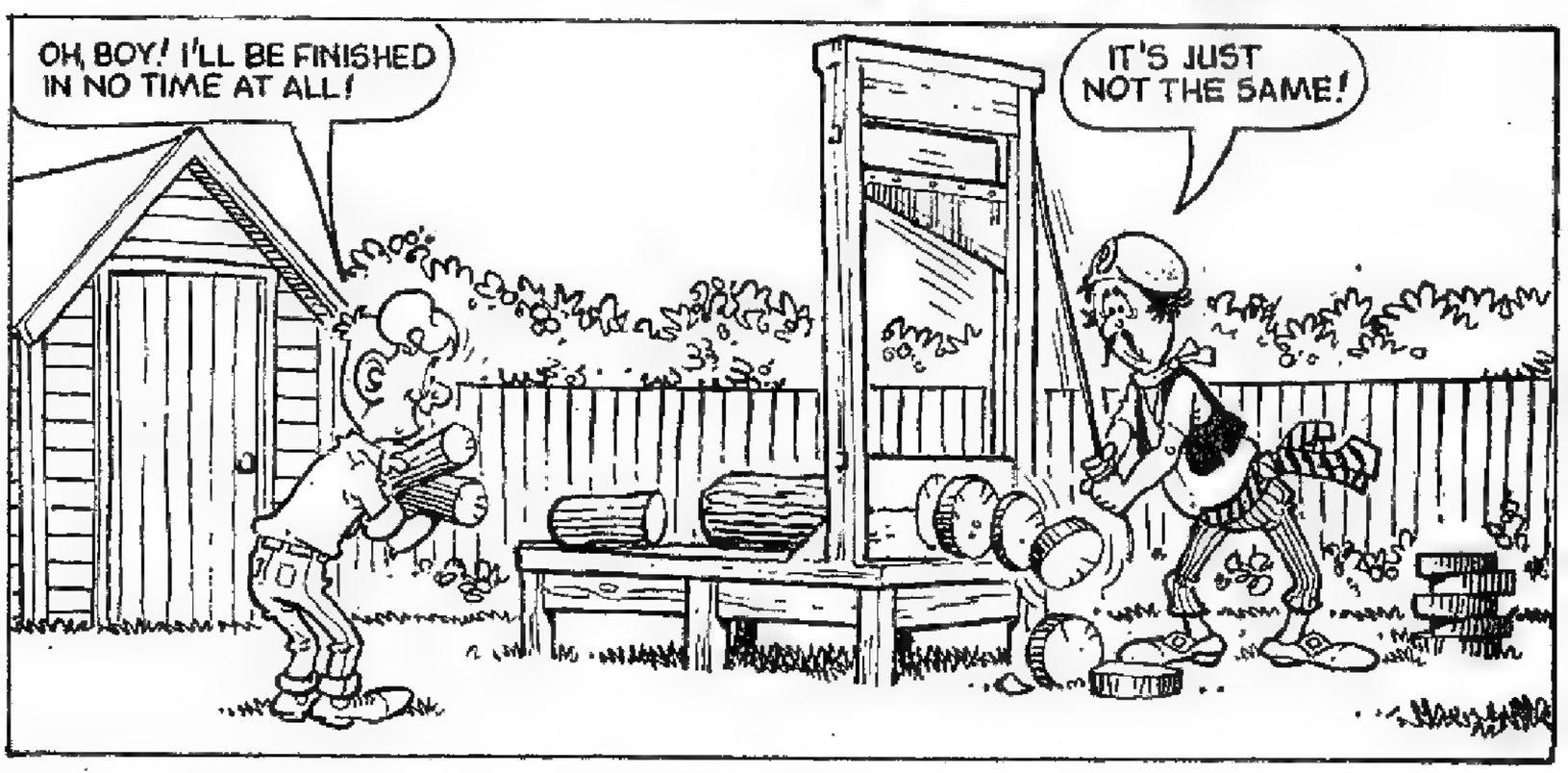

H-HE'S JOUSTING LIKE AN OLD-FASHIONED KNIGHT — USING DUFFY AS HIS TARGET!!
HOW CAN BRIAN SAVE HIS FRIEND NOW? WE'RE NOT SAYING — BUT YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

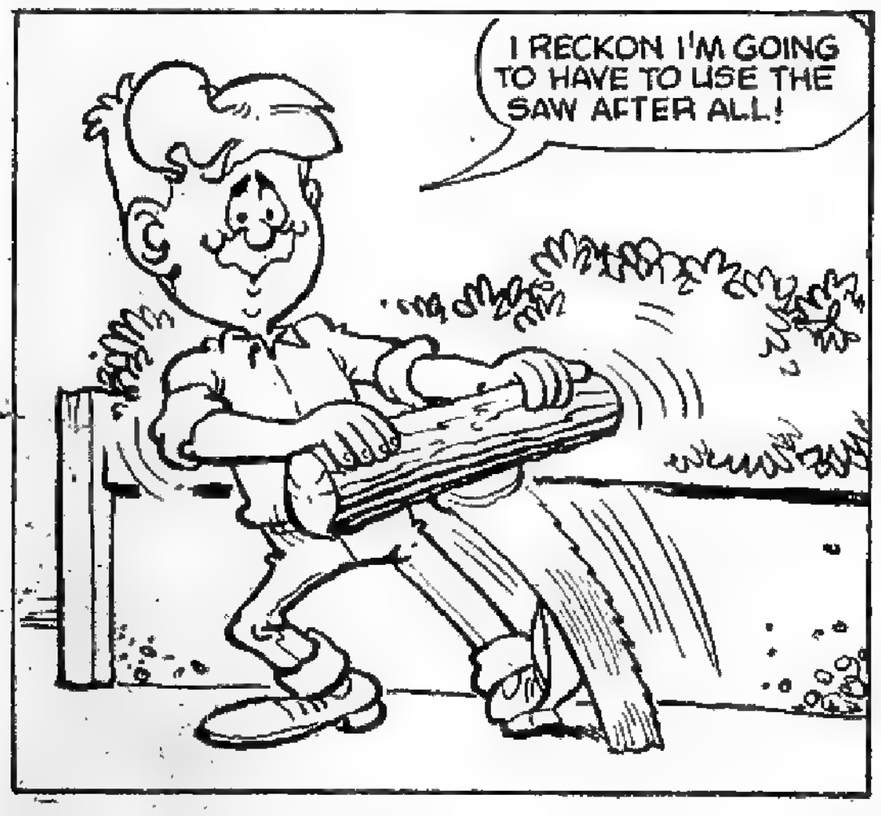
Charlie's Choice

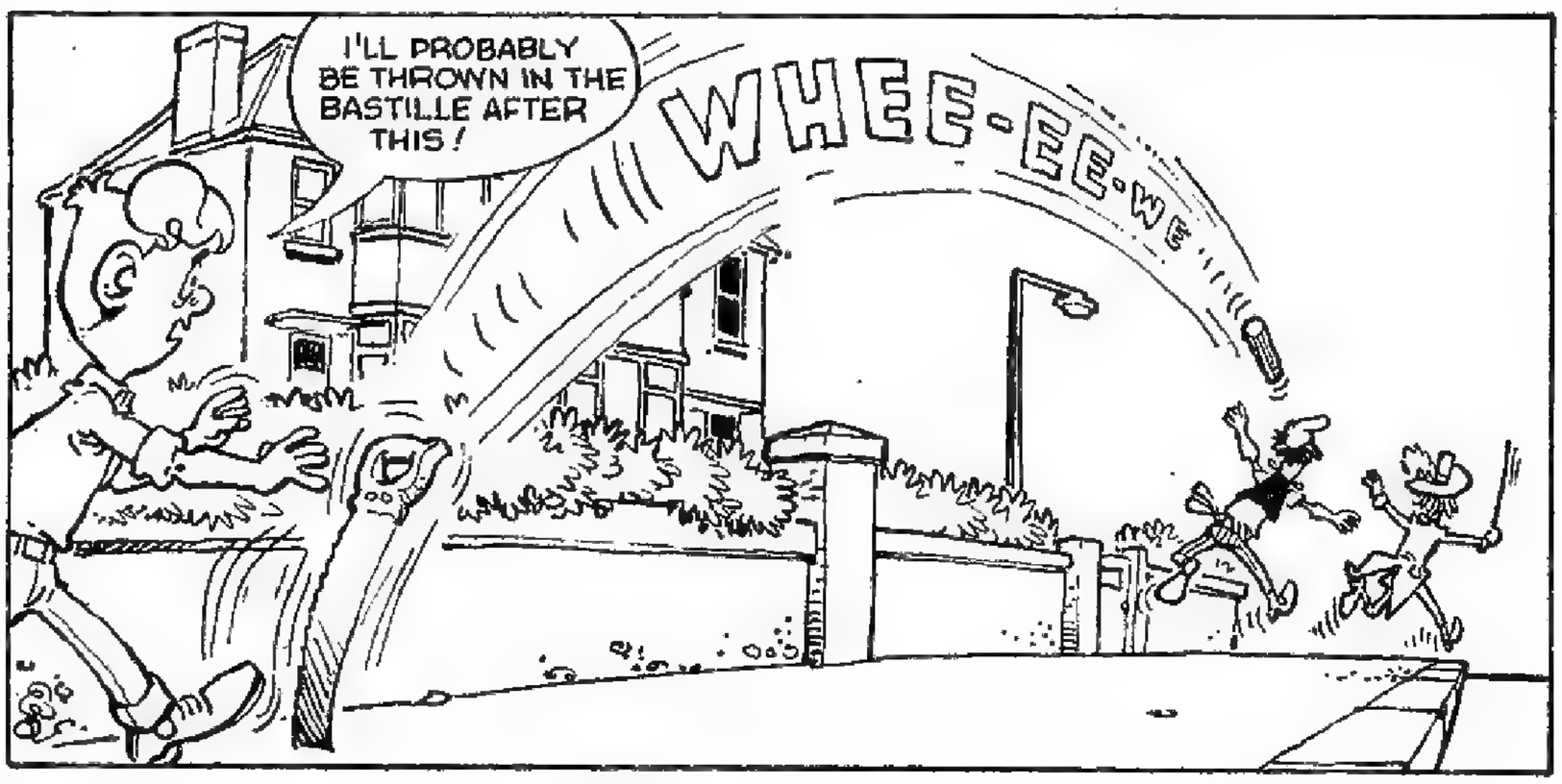
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

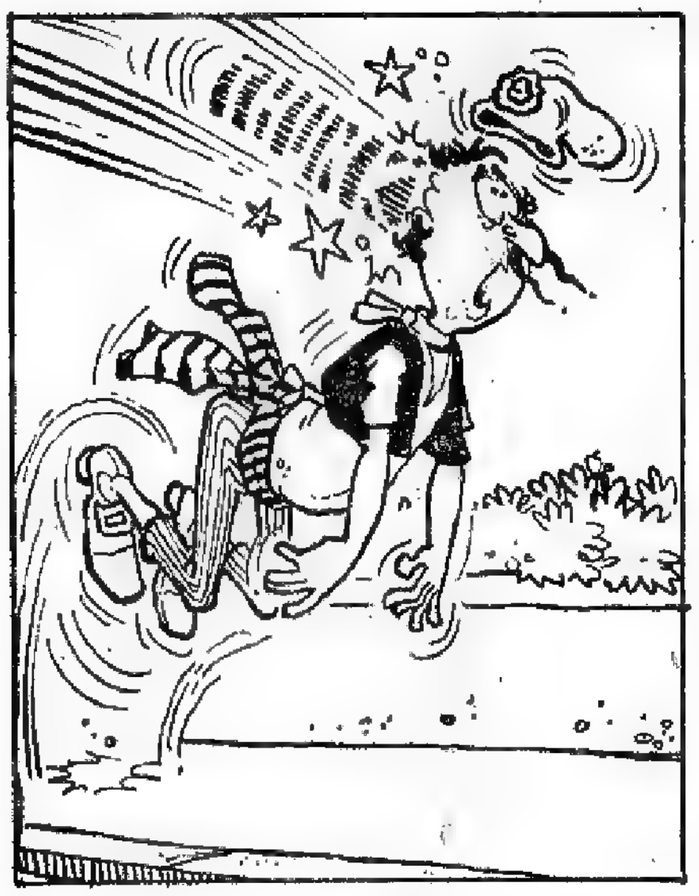




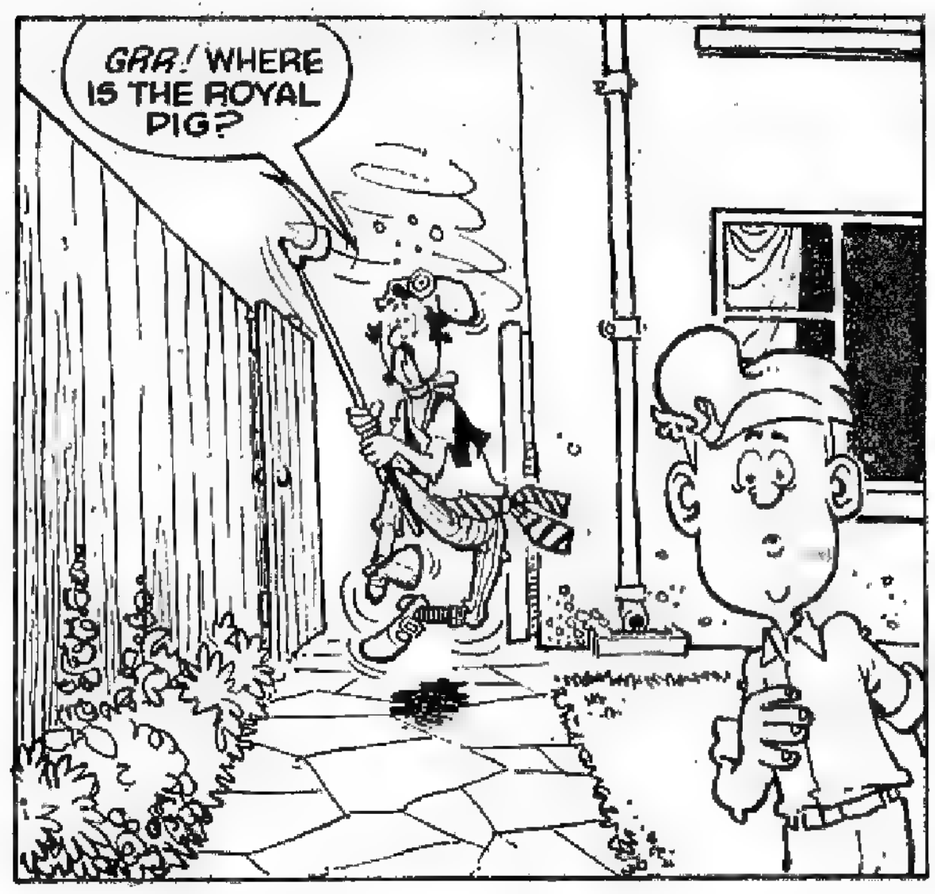






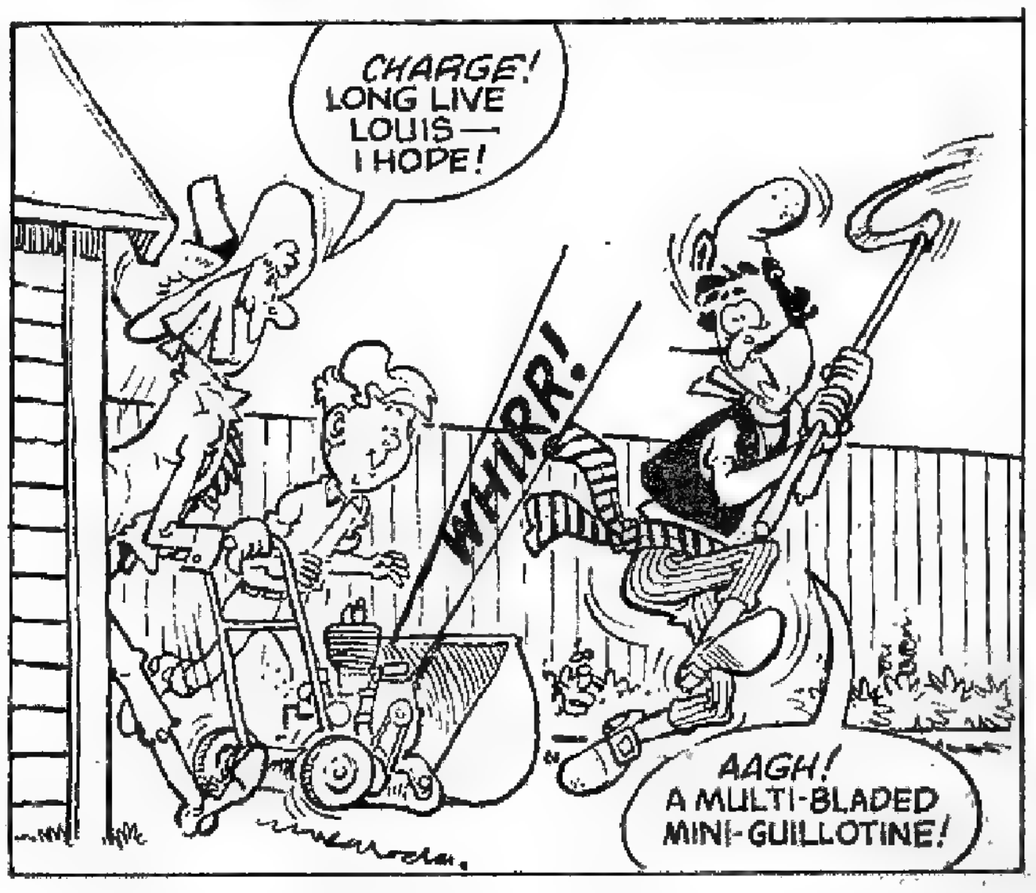


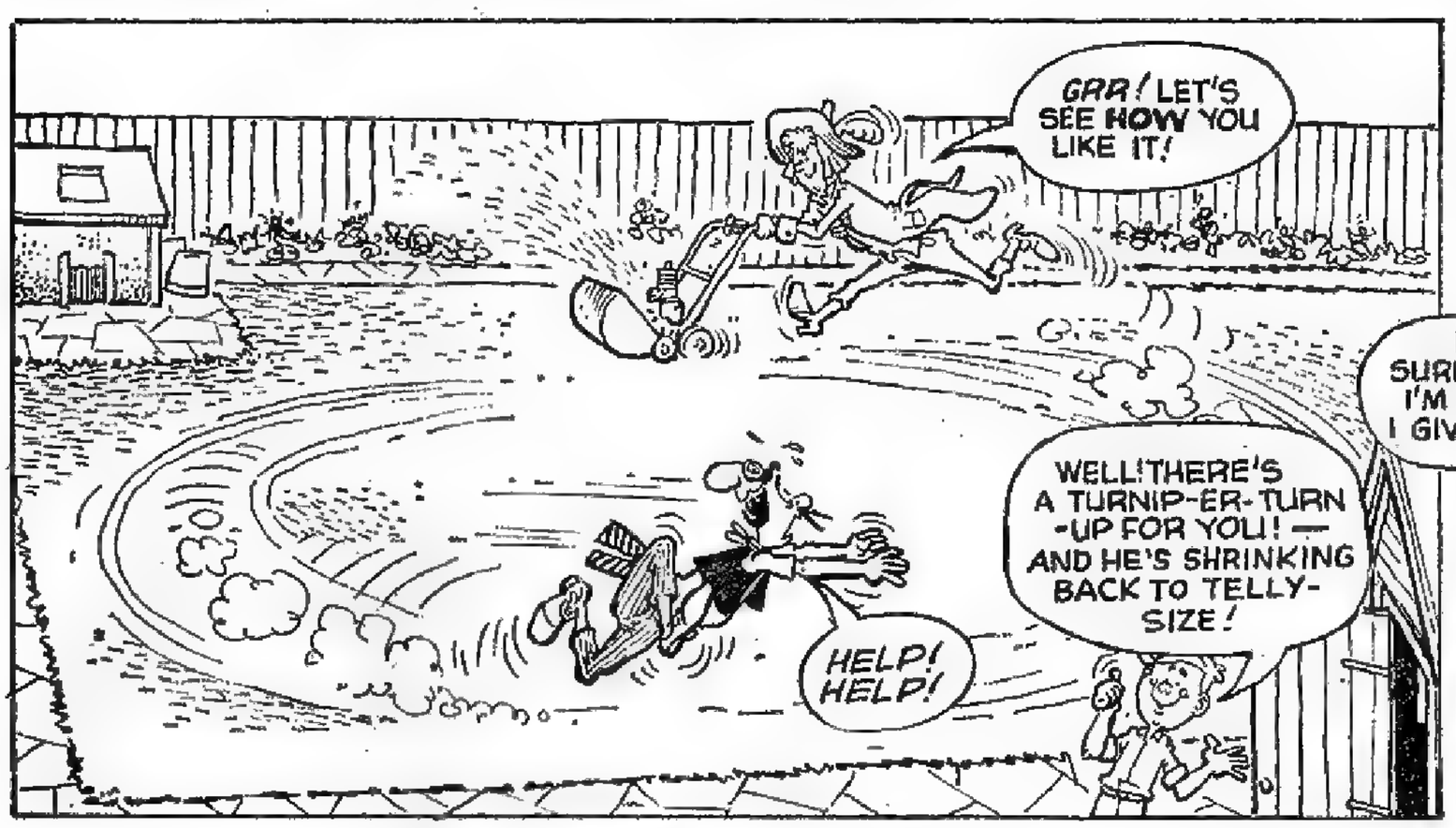
QUICK, DAD!—HIDE HERE! I'LL LOCK IT!
A MADMAN—HE'S MAD, MAD!


GRR! WHERE IS THE ROYAL PIG?

IS IT O.K. TO COME OUT YET—?
AAGH! KEEP QUIET, DAD!
AAH! THE ROYAL HIDEOUT—I THOUGHT THE ENGLISH ALWAYS HID IN TREES!

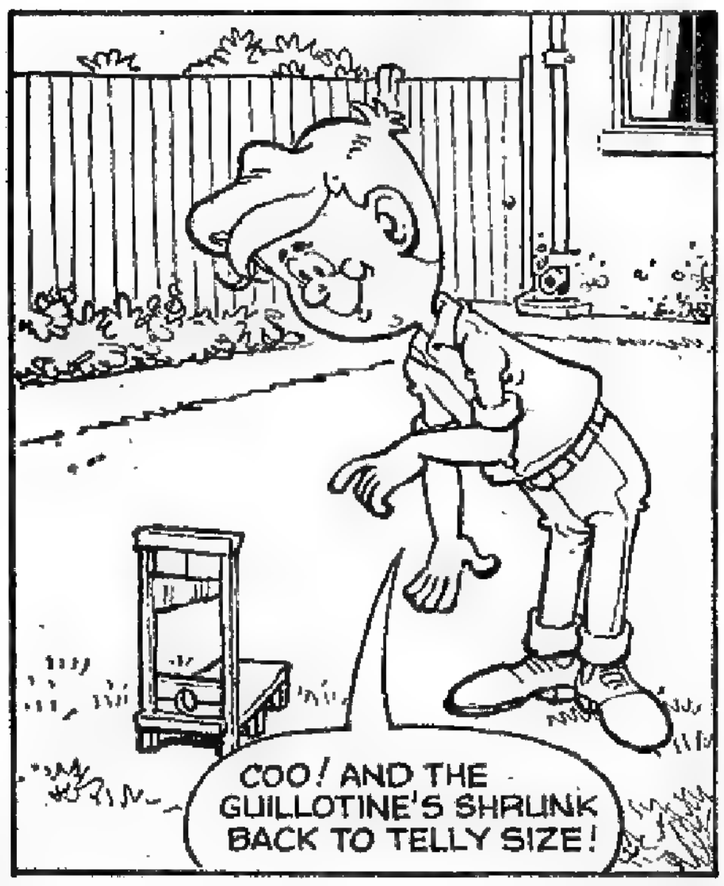
CRASH!
HELP! CUT IT OUT! HE'S NOT REALLY LOUIS!


CHARGE! LONG LIVE LOUIS—I HOPE!
WHIRR!
AAGH! A MULTI-BLADED MINI-GUILLOTINE!


GRR! LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT!
HELP! HELP!
WELL! THERE'S A TURNIP-ER-TURN-UP FOR YOU!—AND HE'S SHRINKING BACK TO TELLY-SIZE!

YES, READERS—THEY SHRINK BACK AFTER THIRTY MINUTES OUT OF THE TELLY—AND TIME'S UP!
I SURRENDER! I'M OFF! I GIVE IN!
HUH! JUST AS WELL FOR YOU!

COO! MY LUCK'S REALLY IN! THAT WAS MY NEXT JOB—MOW THE LAWN! AND DAD'S DONE IT!


COO! AND THE GUILLOTINE'S SHRUNK BACK TO TELLY SIZE!

GOSH! THANK YOU, CHARLIE—THIS IS AN EXCELLENT ONION SLICER!
WORTH ALL OF THAT TWO BOB SHE GAVE ME!

LATER...
NOW EVERYONE IS HAPPY—DAD WON FIRST PRIZE!

SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I have been wondering whether to write to you or not, to tell you how GREAT your comics are, but I am sure you already know. There's just one small complaint, though. I wish you hadn't taken the Legend Testers out of SMASH. Couldn't you squeeze them back? Well, I don't want to flatter you, Alfie and Cossie, but you sure know how to run comics. Besides reading SMASH I also read TERRIFIC and POW, but I'm afraid my pocket-money doesn't run to FANTASTIC.

Yours, SMASHINGLY, TERRIFICALLY, POWINGLY and, when I get a raise, FANTASTICALLY,

Peter Myers,
Mirfield, Yorks.

Who knows when we might S-Q-U-E-E-Z-E the Legend Testers back —and other favourites as well. Life is full of surprises—that's what makes it so interesting. So keep reading, Tiger!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I hate to tell you this but you made a mistake in SMASH 83 "Daredevil." I noticed that Daredevil had only one D on his chest, instead of his usual DD emblem that he has in other issues.

Richard Gardner,
Loughton, Essex.

Sure. And Daredevil didn't become the famous "Double D" till Smash 85! So don't waste your ink writing to us about Smash 84 either!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I was struck dumb to see in SMASH 89 Grimly Feendish being electrified by an ordinary car battery, as an ordinary battery only gives a shock of 12 volts. Before he could even get a shock you would need five batteries or he wouldn't feel it. A 60-volt shock is the smallest you can get.

Jeff Lewis,
Church Stretton, Shropshire.

Thanks for that piece of "current" news, Jeff—hope you won't be too "shocked" when you receive your pound from Merry Margaret Smith!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

PULEEEZ could you put the Silver Surfer in a story on his own and also show his origin? I'm an ardent fan of the Silver Surfer and I think he's the best super-hero you've yet had in your POWER comics. If you can't do that, could you show the Silver Surfer in a fight with all the super-heroes you can think of? What a fight that would be! Your adoring Silver Surfer fan,

Gareth (Silver Surfer) Roberts,
Monmouthshire.

Are we correct in thinking that you like the Silver Surfer, Gareth?

Alf and Cos.

DON'T KEEP US IN THE DARK

Help us to fill SMASH with the features you like best by filling in this coupon and enclosing it with your letter.

The feature I like best is: .....

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The feature I dislike is: .....

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To: Smash, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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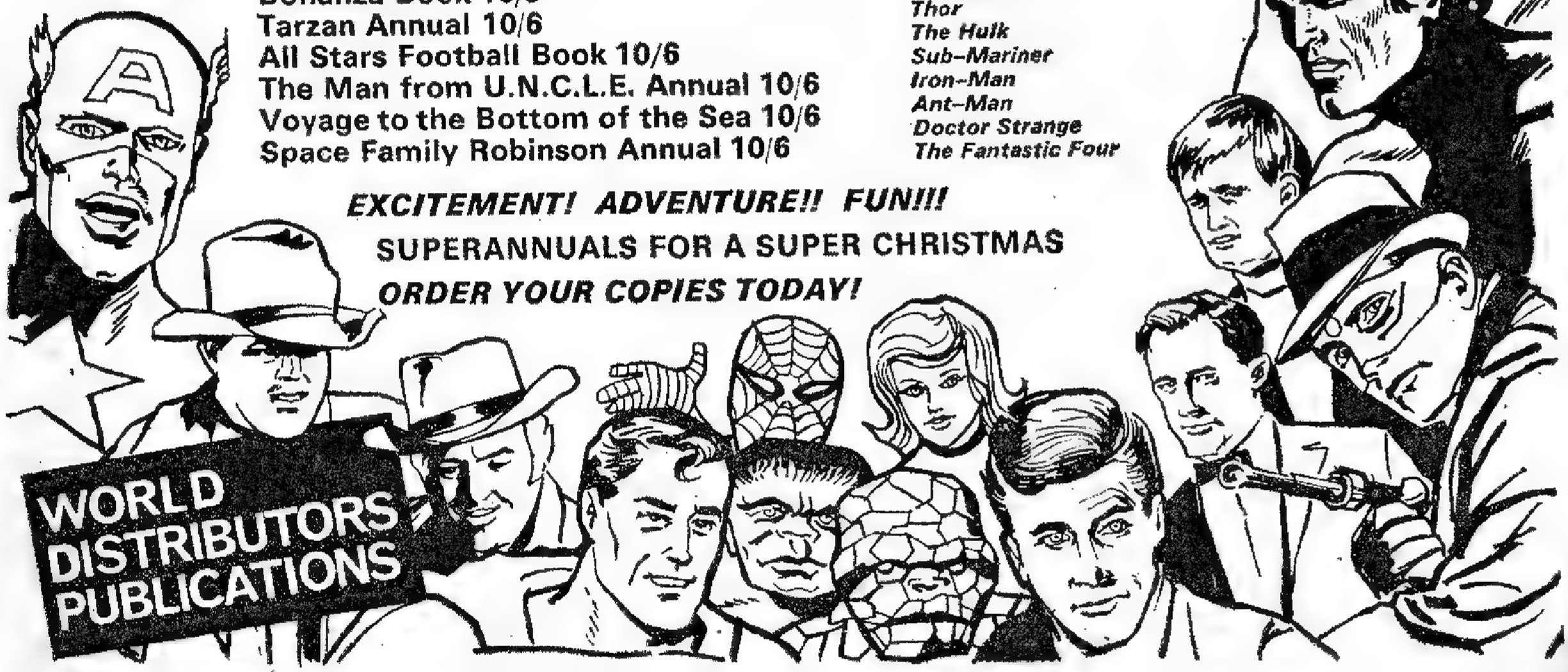
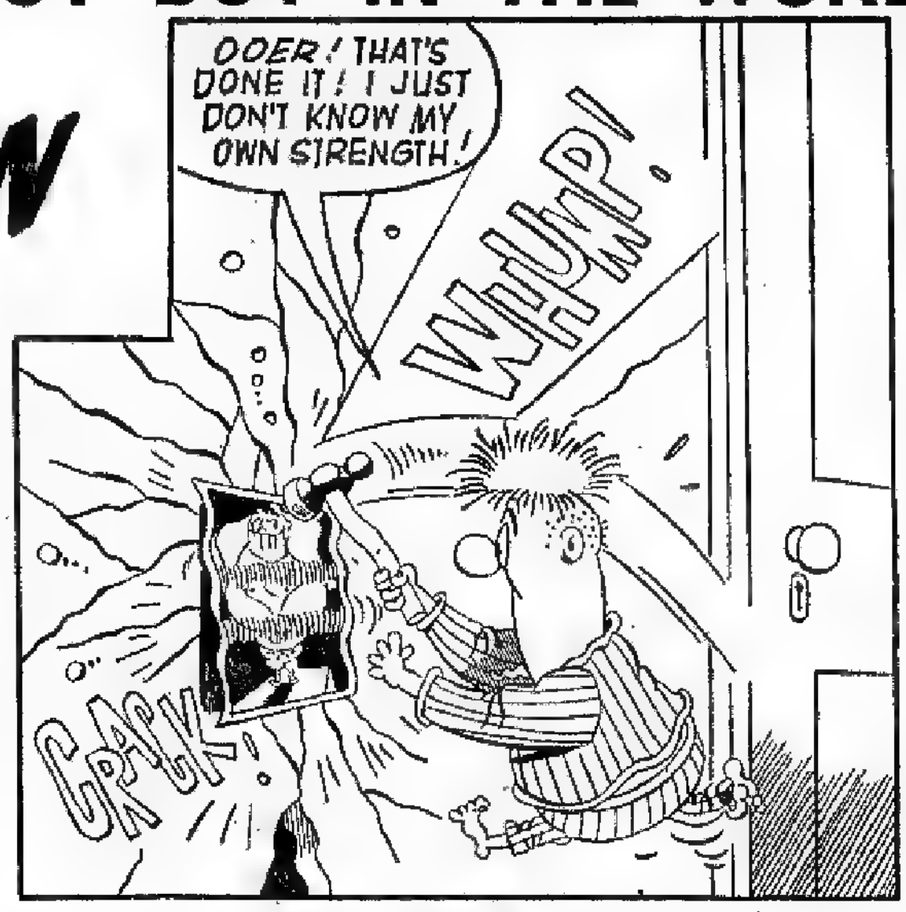
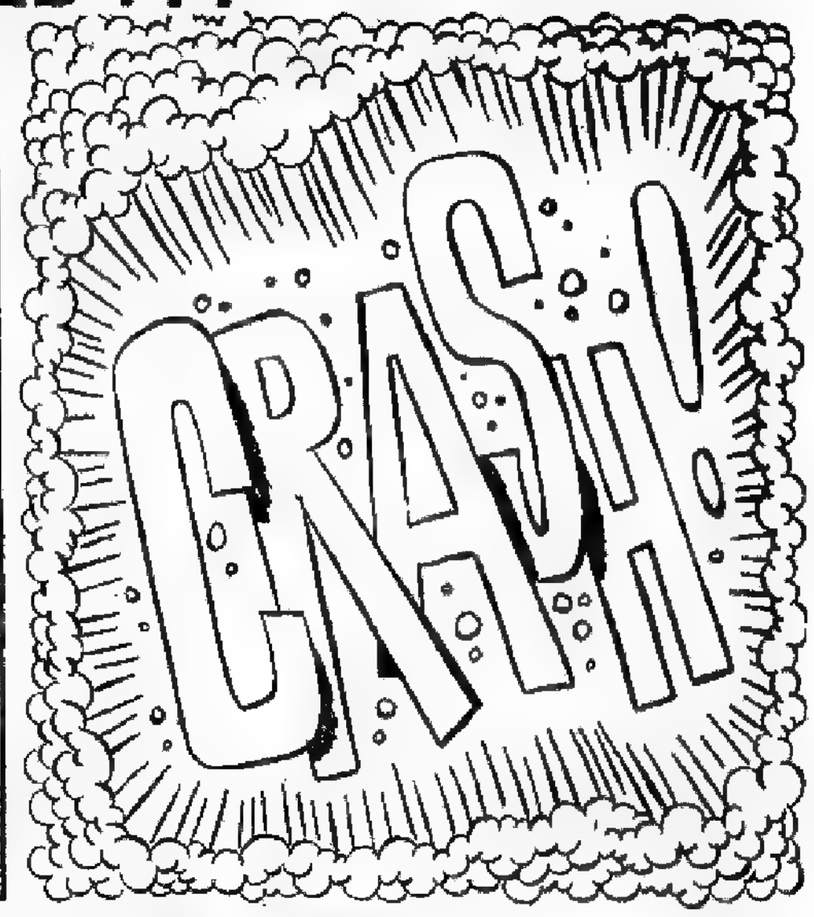
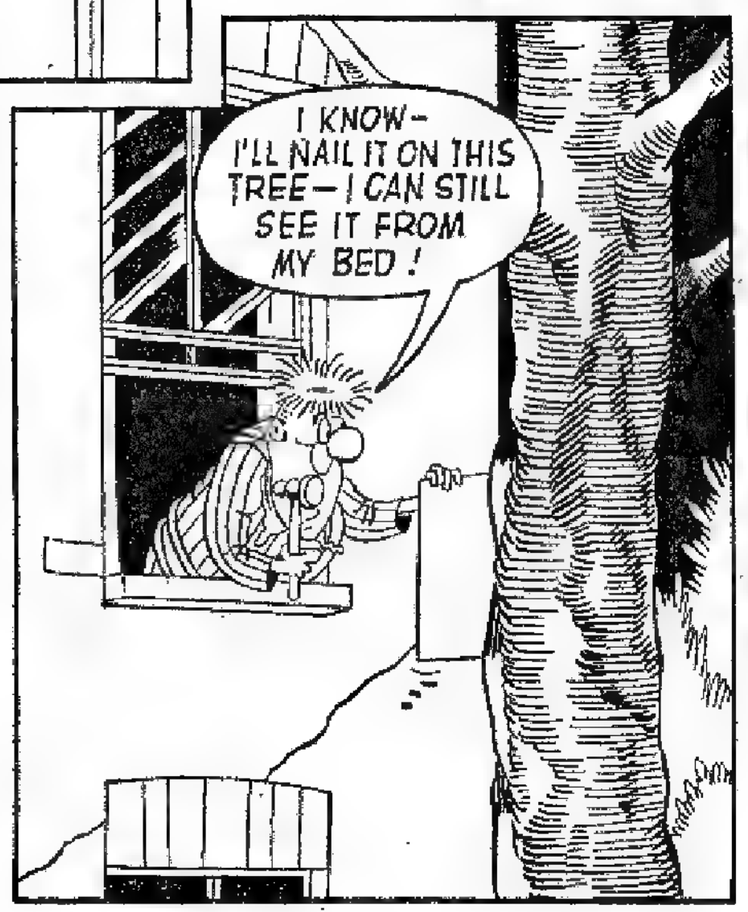


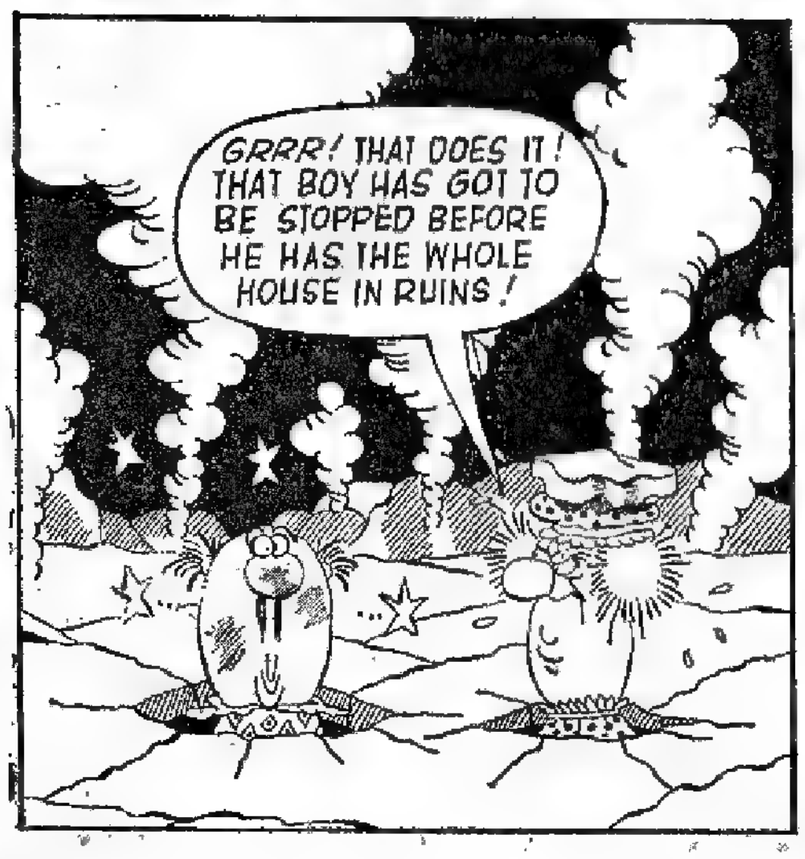
MEET THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD . . .

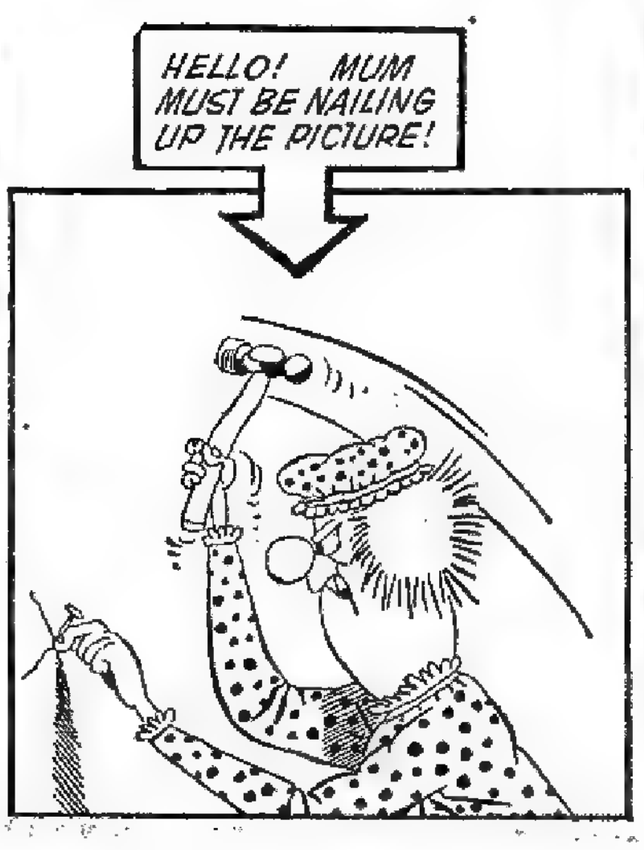
TUFFY McGREW





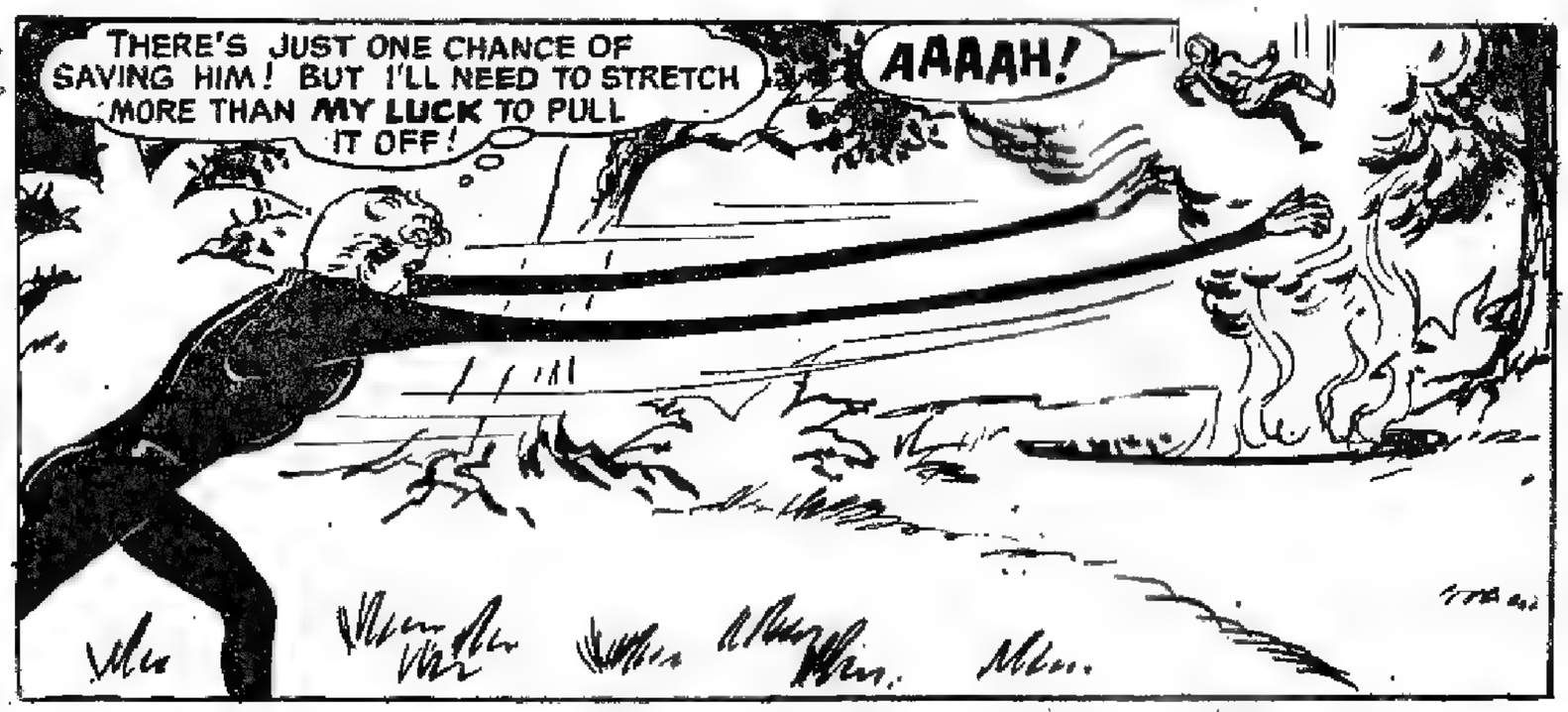


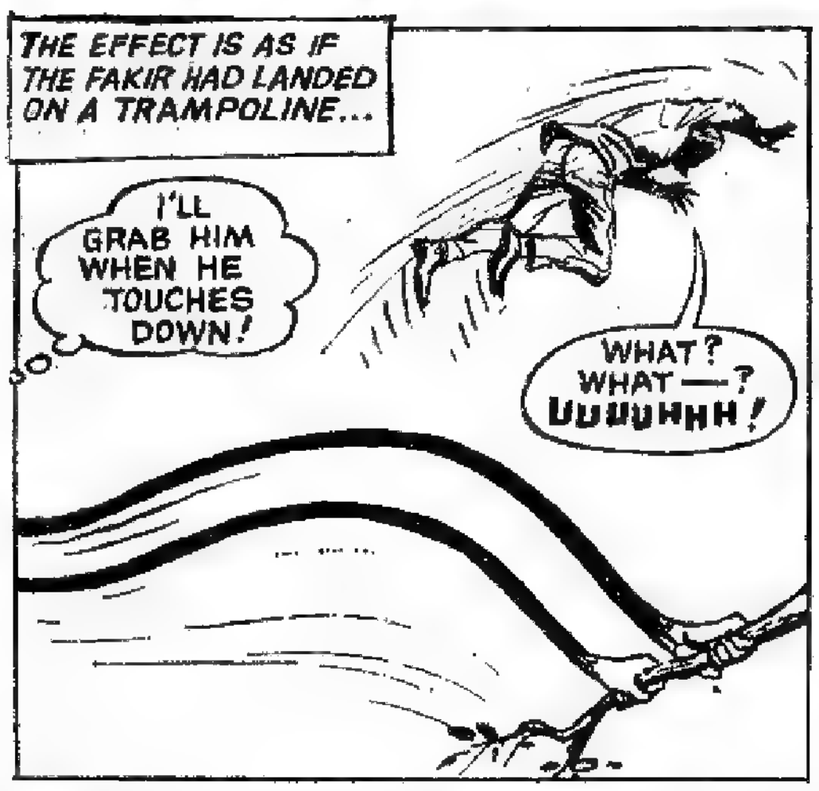


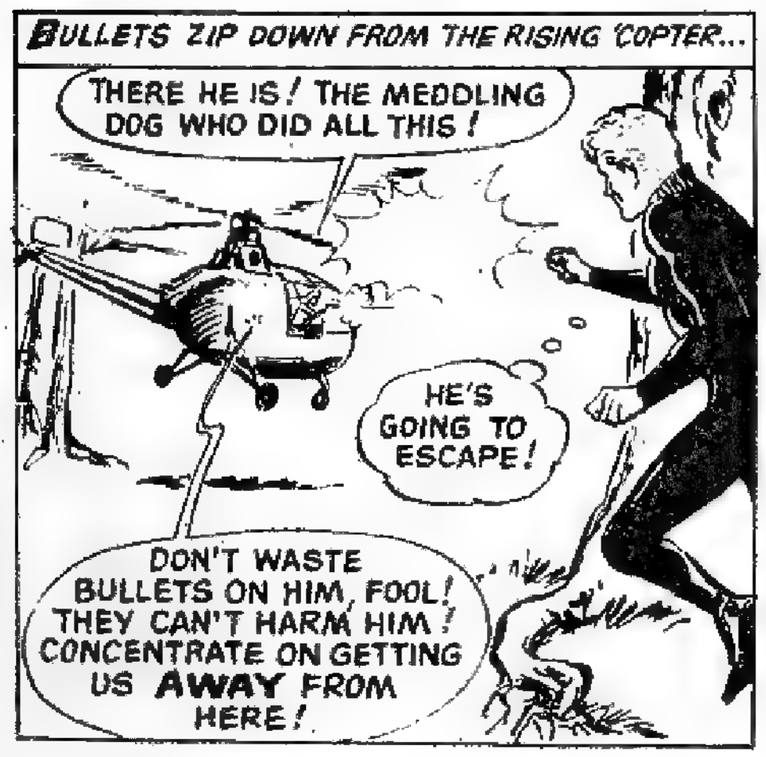


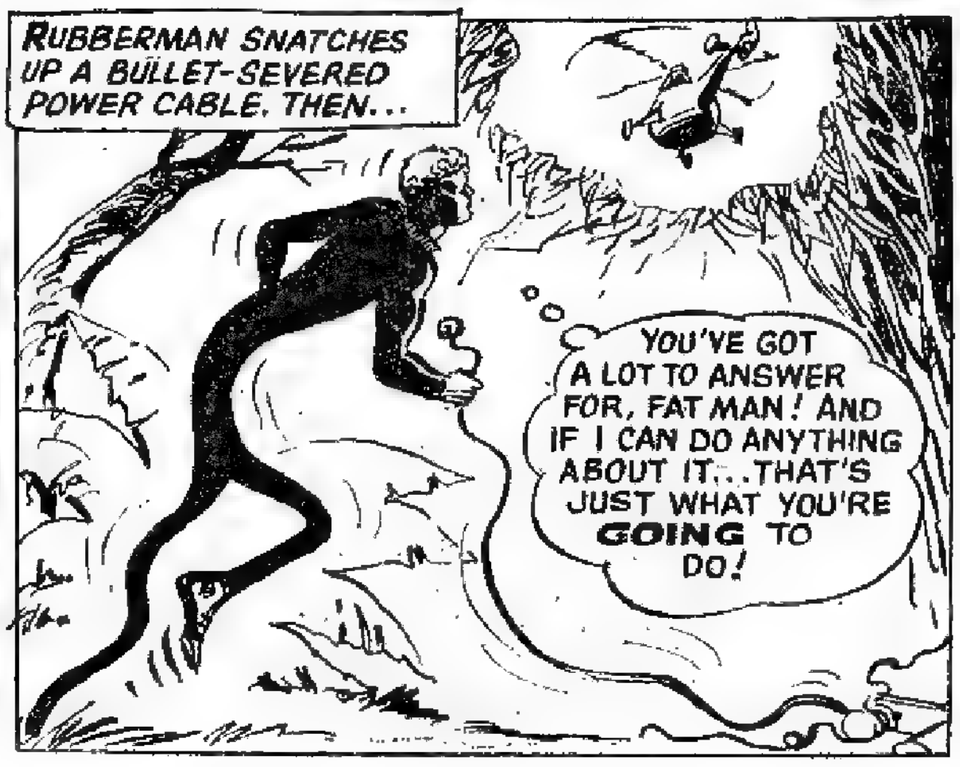
IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

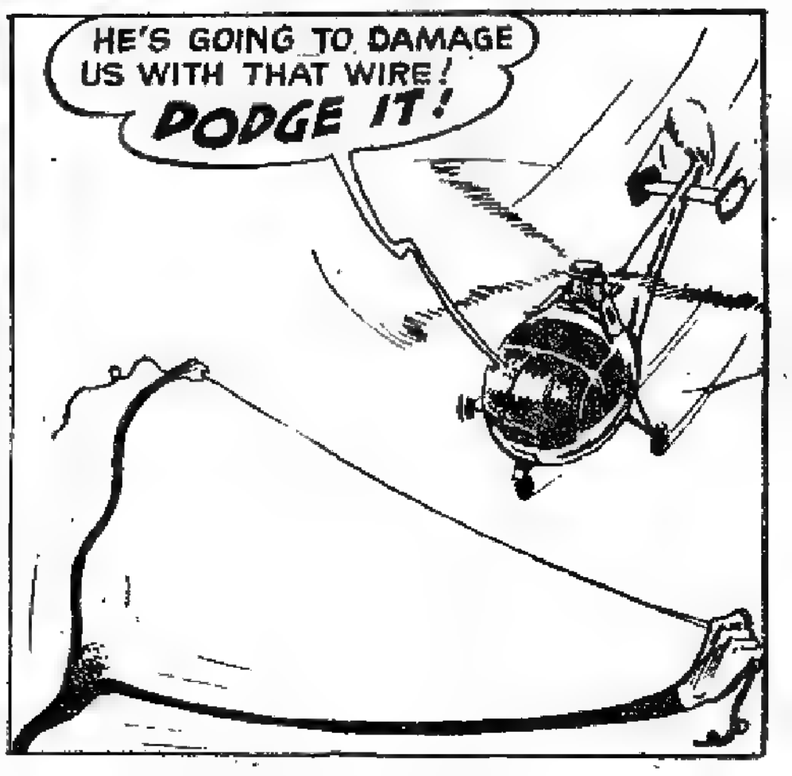
IN SLUISHAVEN, HOLLAND, RUBBERMAN ENTERS THE STRANGE 'HOTHOUSE' WORLD OF THE PLANTER AND CAUSES THE FANTASTICALLY SWIFT-GROWING TREES THERE TO BURST INTO LIFE. THEN HE SEES THE FAKIR, WHOSE CURSE TURNED HIM INTO A MAN OF RUBBER AND FOR WHOM HE HAS BEEN SEARCHING, ABOUT TO FALL TO HIS DEATH...

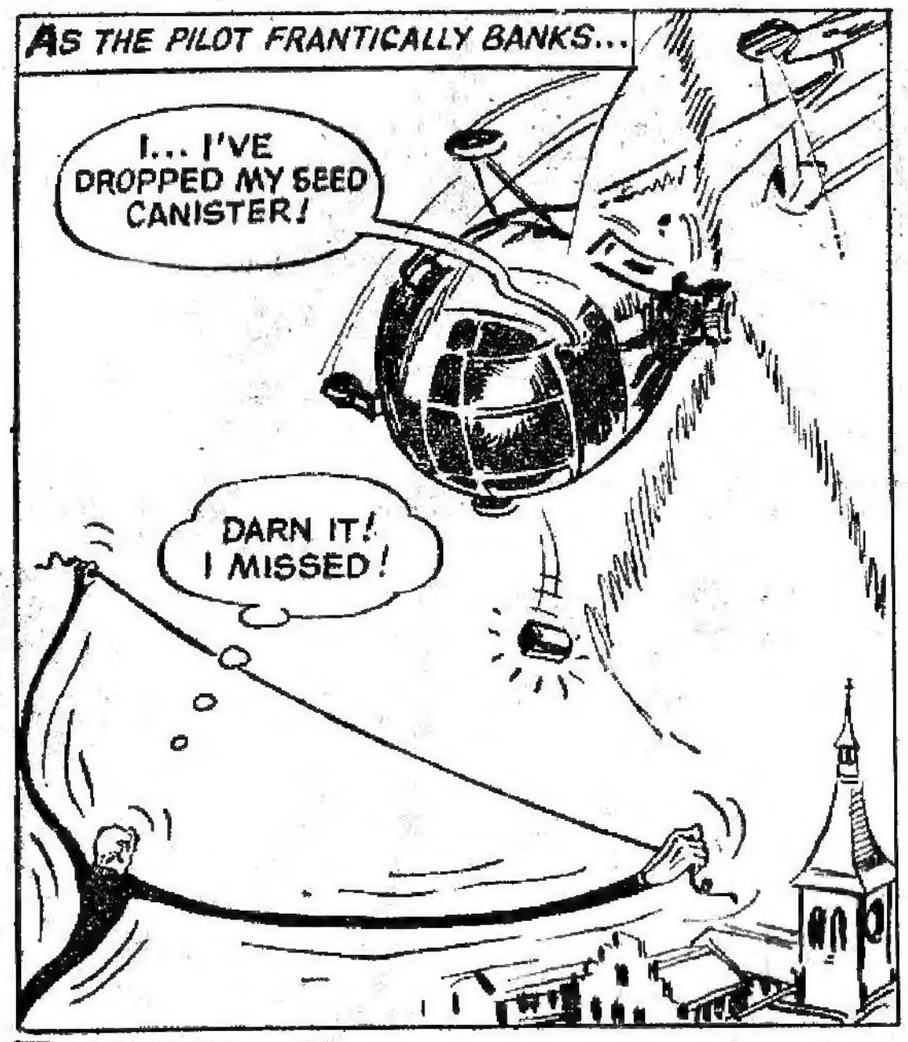











AS THE PILOT FRANTICALLY BANKS...
I... I'VE DROPPED MY SEED CANISTER!
DARN IT! I MISSED!

SEEDS SCATTER AS THE CANISTER BURSTS UPON THE CITY PAVEMENT...
LOOK OUT! THAT THING NEARLY HIT...HEY! WHAT'S ALL THAT STUFF COMING OUT OF IT?
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
CRASH

AND AS THE SEEDS MEET THE AIR...
THEY... THEY... I'M SEEING THINGS!
THEY IMMEDIATELY SHOOT UP—INTO GIANT TREES!
SO AM I! BUT NOW I'VE SEEN ENOUGH! COME ON, LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!

SECONDS LATER...
THE TREES HAVE JAMMED INTO OUR UNDER-CARRIAGE. WE'RE STALLING!

WE'RE BEING TAKEN UP HIGHER! AND THE RATE THOSE THINGS GROW...WE DARE NOT TRY TO CLIMB DOWN!
WE...WE'RE TRAPPED! TRAPPED!
THE WHOLE CITY IS GOING TO BE CHOKED. UNLESS...

THE SPRAY GUNS!—THE ONLY THINGS THAT WILL STOP THEIR GROWTH! THEY WERE KEPT IN THAT STORE-HUT!

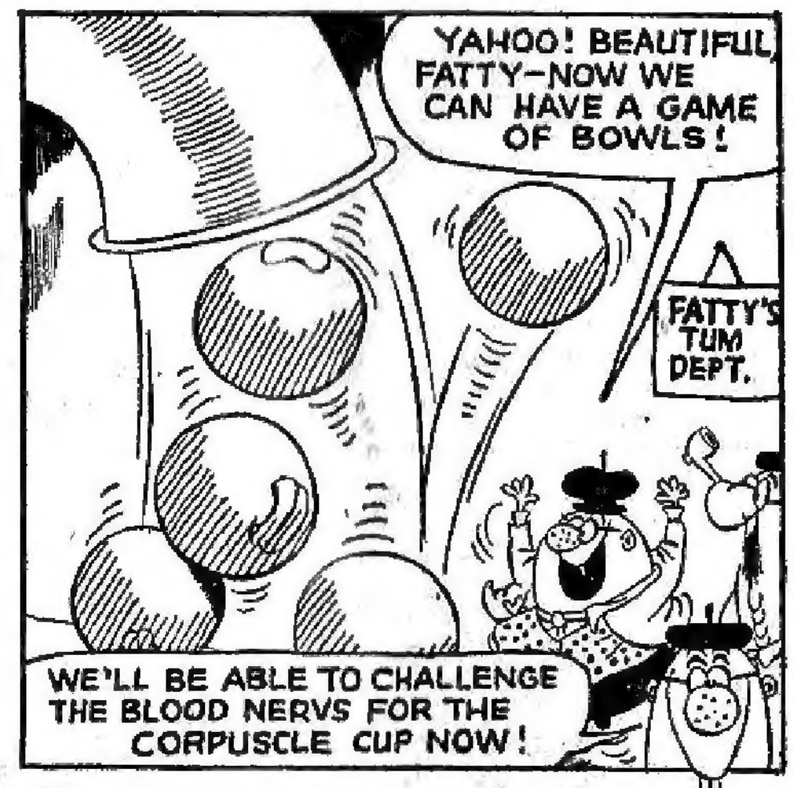
GREAT BRANCHES WRITHE AND FLAIL LIKE HOSTILE LIMBS AS RUBBERMAN CRAWLS TOWARDS THE HUT. THEN...
THIS BRANCH ACROSS MY BACK! IT'S PUSHING ME TO THE GROUND AS IT GROWS!

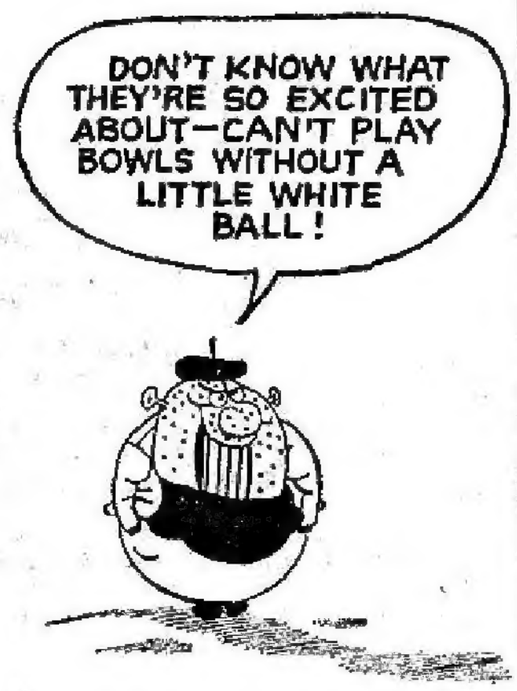
AND AS RUBBERMAN LIES HELPLESSLY PINIONED...
OH NO! IT'S ONE OF THE PLANTER'S TIGERS!
...AND IT'S SEEN ME!
WHAT POSSIBLE HOPE CAN RUBBERMAN HAVE AGAINST THE VICIOUS BEAST? DON'T MISS THE STAGGERING CLIMAX TO THIS STORY—IT'S IN NEXT WEEK'S ISH!

THE NERVS

PEAS ON A KNIFE! TCH! TCH!
THE MANNERS OF SOME PEOPLE!
SLURP!

HE'S ASKING FOR TUMMY TROUBLE —DOESN'T EVEN CHEW THEM!

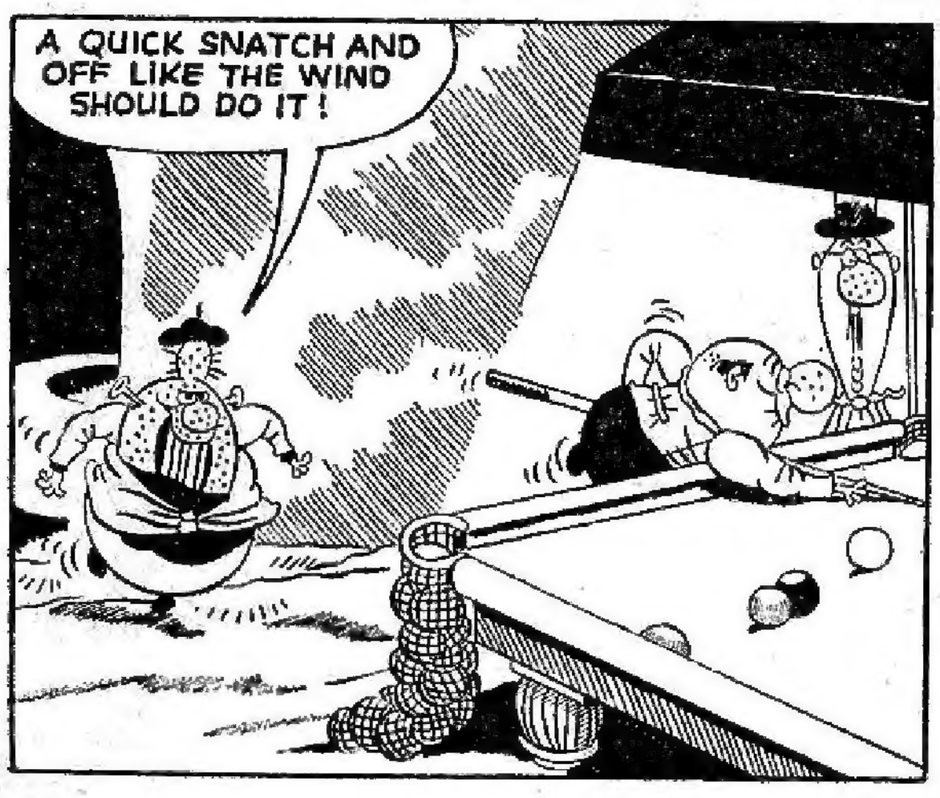

YAHOO! BEAUTIFUL, FATTY—NOW WE CAN HAVE A GAME OF BOWLS!
FATTY'S TUM DEPT.
WE'LL BE ABLE TO CHALLENGE THE BLOOD NERVS FOR THE CORPUSCLE CUP NOW!

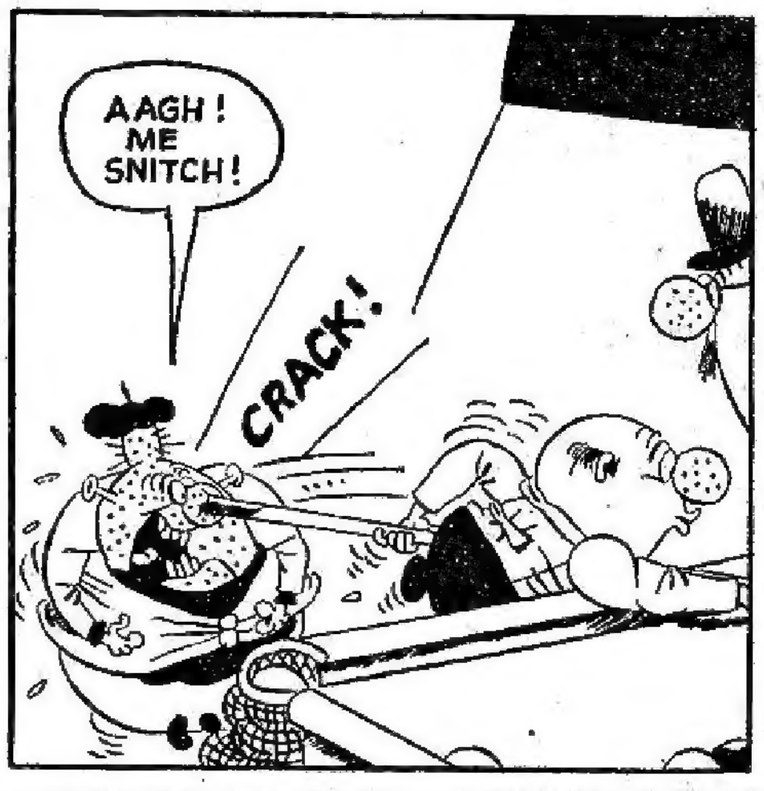

DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE SO EXCITED ABOUT—CAN'T PLAY BOWLS WITHOUT A LITTLE WHITE BALL!

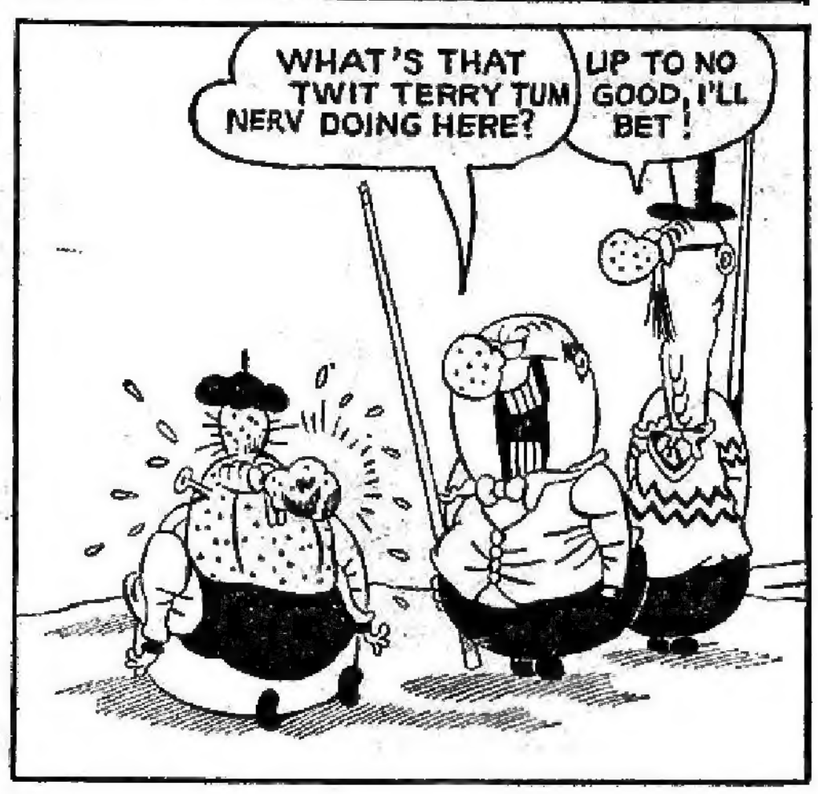
YOU CAN GET US A WHITE BALL BEARING FROM THE BALL OF FATTY'S FOOT, THEN, TERRY!
THUMP

WHY DON'T I KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT? IT'LL TAKE ME HOURS TO GET TO FATTY'S FOOT AND BACK!

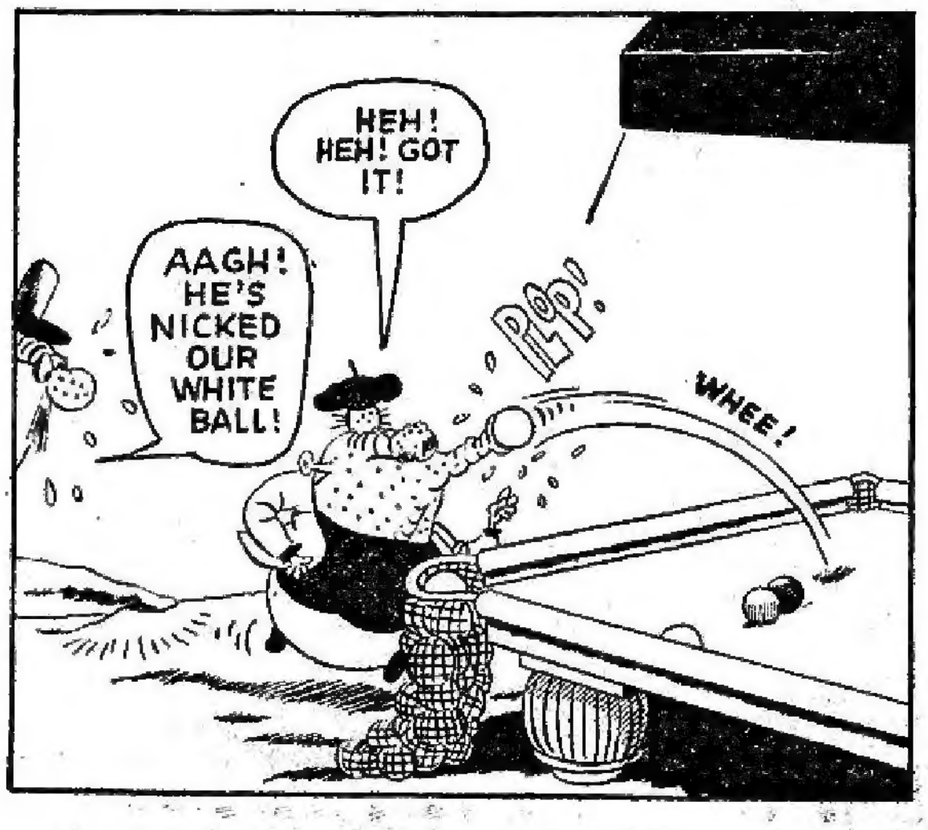
BBC BELLY BILLIARDS CLUB
COO! THE VERY THING—A WHITE BILLIARD BALL!
I'LL NICK ONE AND IT'LL SAVE ME A LONG WALK!


A QUICK SNATCH AND OFF LIKE THE WIND SHOULD DO IT!

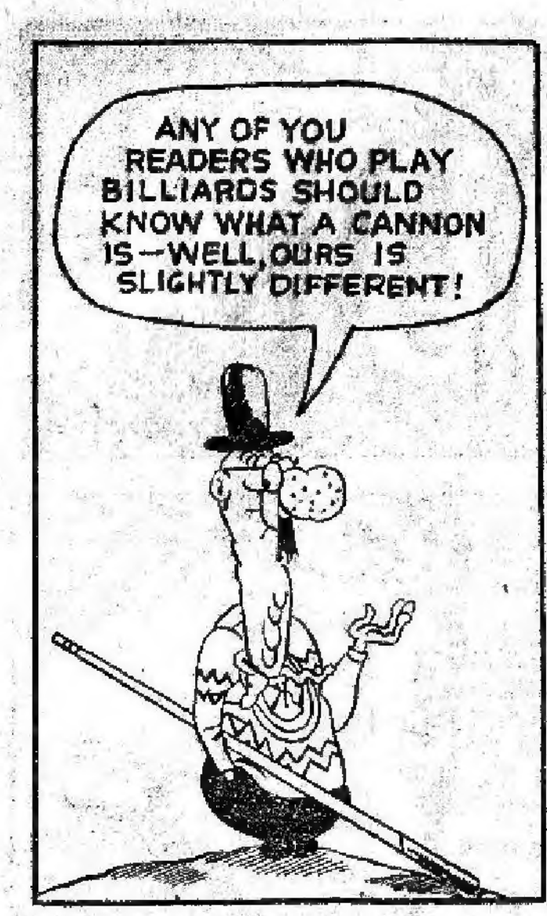

AAGH! ME SNITCH!
CRACK!

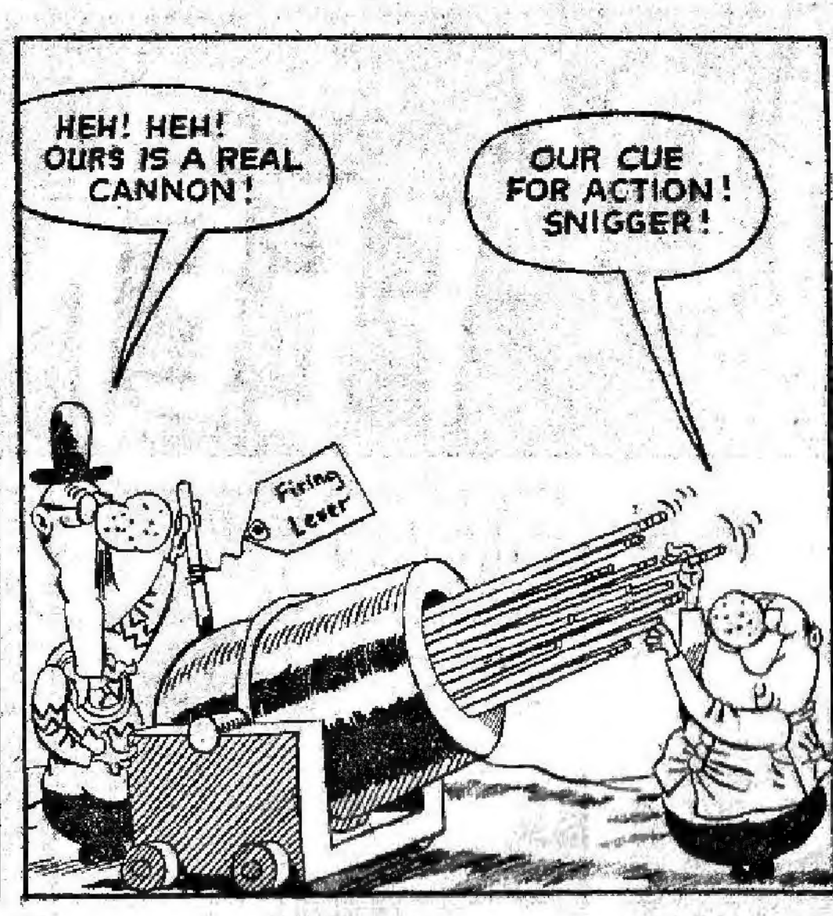

WHAT'S THAT TWIT TERRY TUM NERV DOING HERE?
UP TO NO GOOD, I'LL BET!

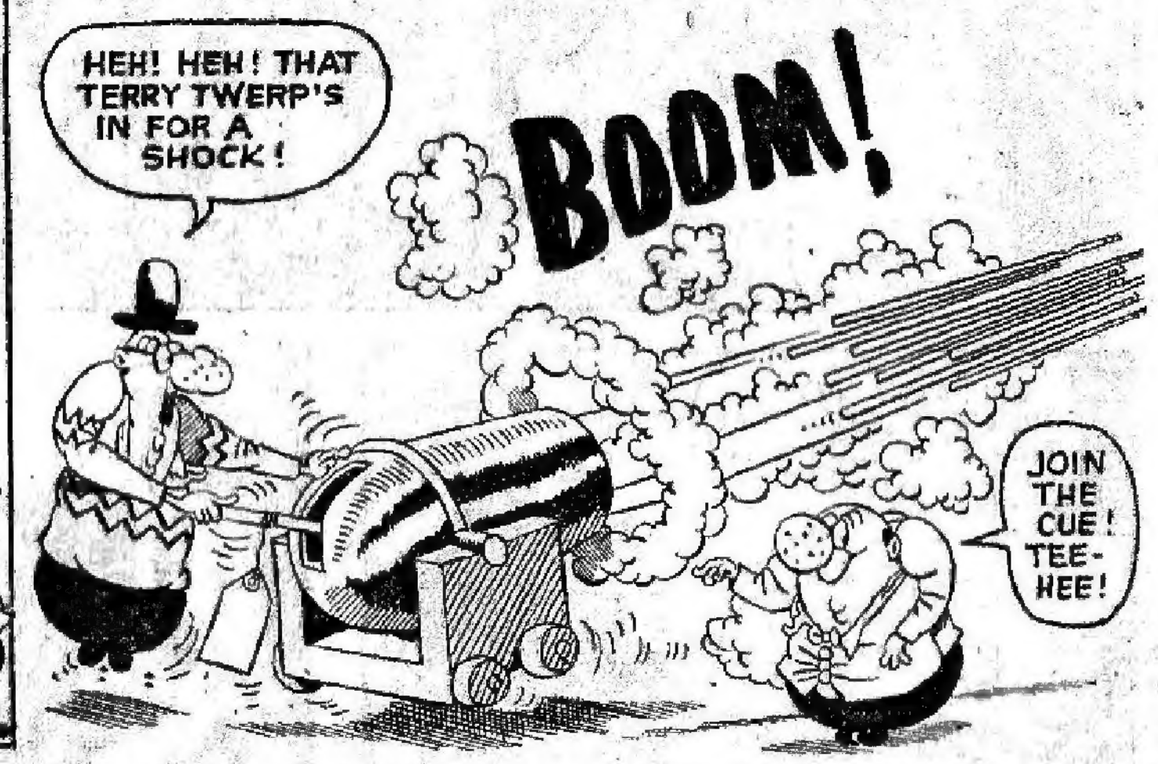
???
HELP! WHAT'S HE UP TO NOW?
SUCK!
SUCK!

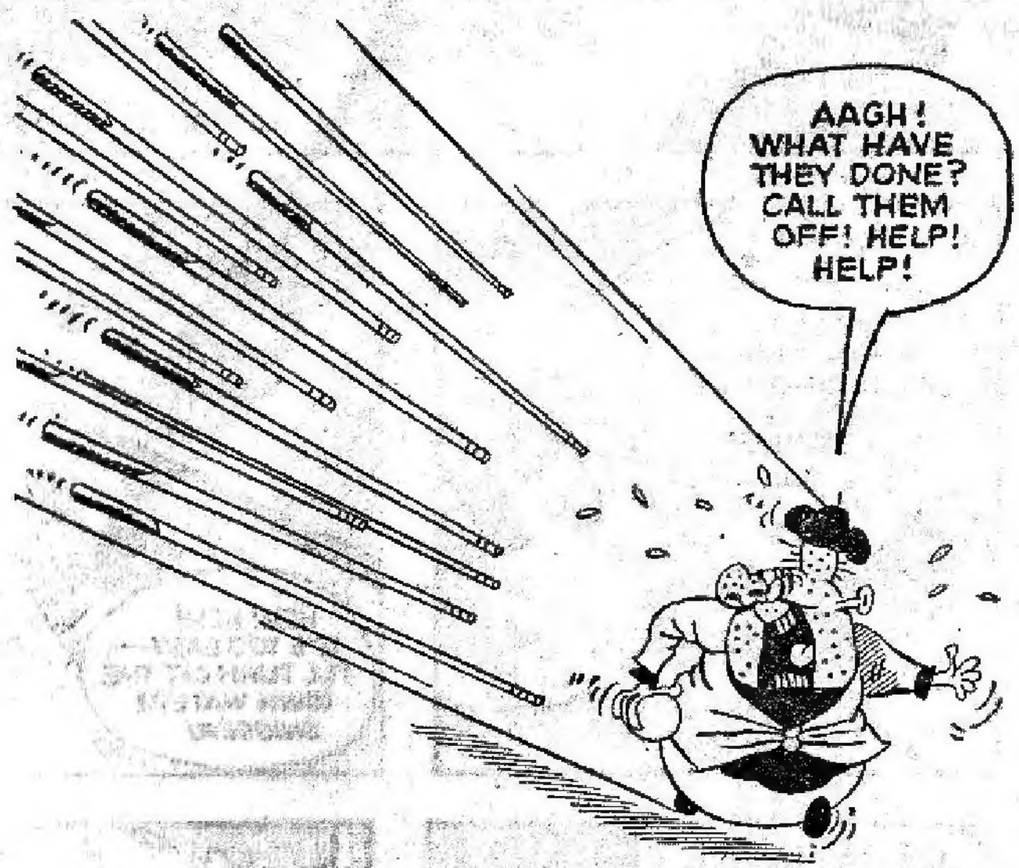

AAGH! HE'S NICKED OUR WHITE BALL!
HEH! HEH! GOT IT!
RIP!
WHEE!

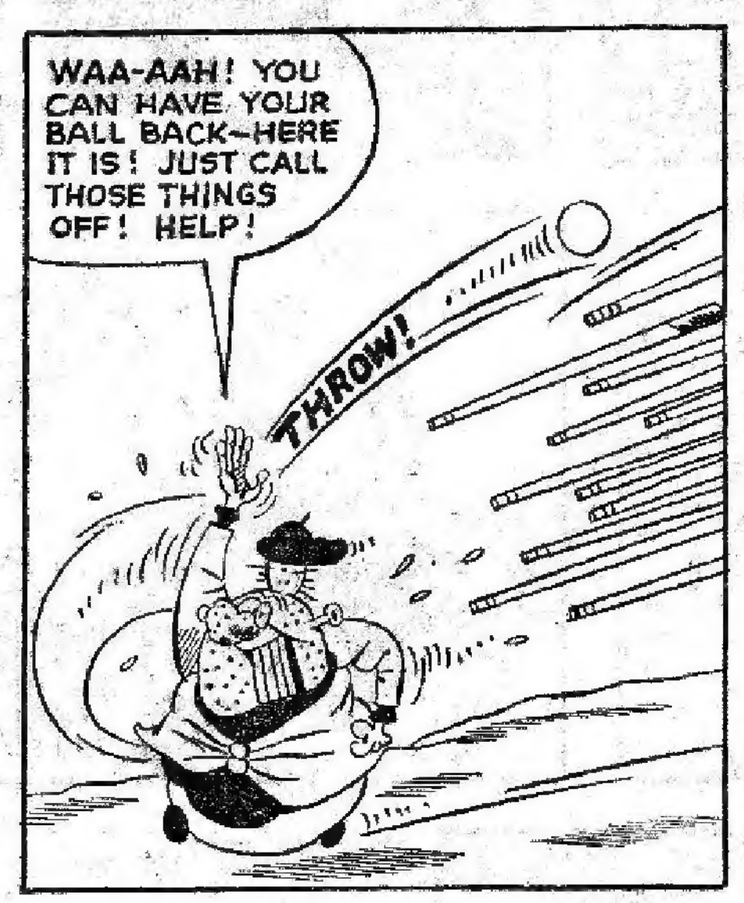
YAHOO! SUCCESS! NO LONG WALK FOR MY LEGGIES NOW!
ZOOM!


ANY OF YOU READERS WHO PLAY BILLIARDS SHOULD KNOW WHAT A CANNON IS—WELL, OURS IS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT!


HEH! HEH! OURS IS A REAL CANNON!
OUR CUE FOR ACTION! SNIGGER!
Firing Lever

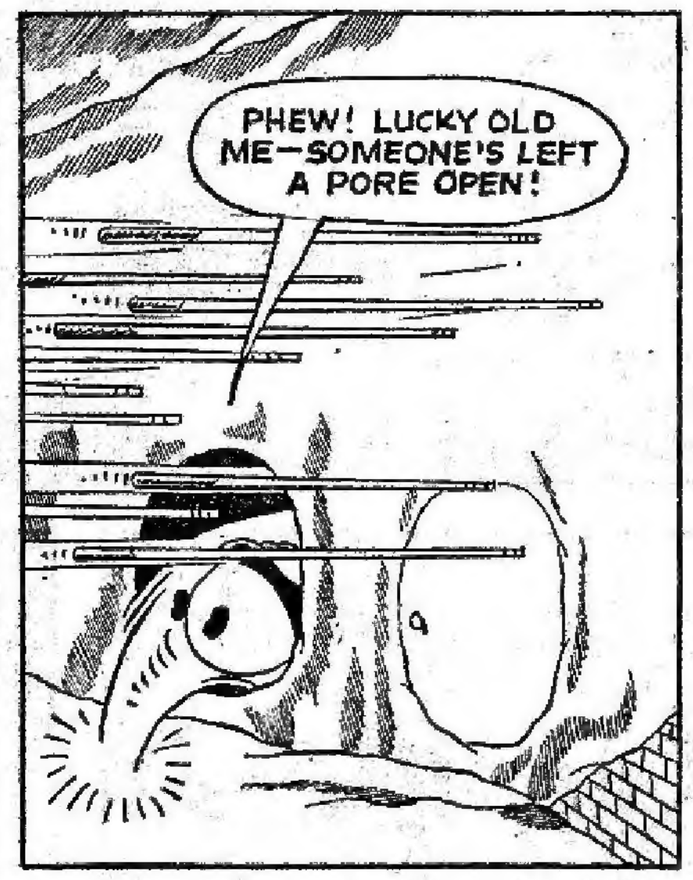

HEH! HEH! THAT TERRY TWERP'S IN FOR A SHOCK!
BOOM!
JOIN THE CUE! TEE-HEE!

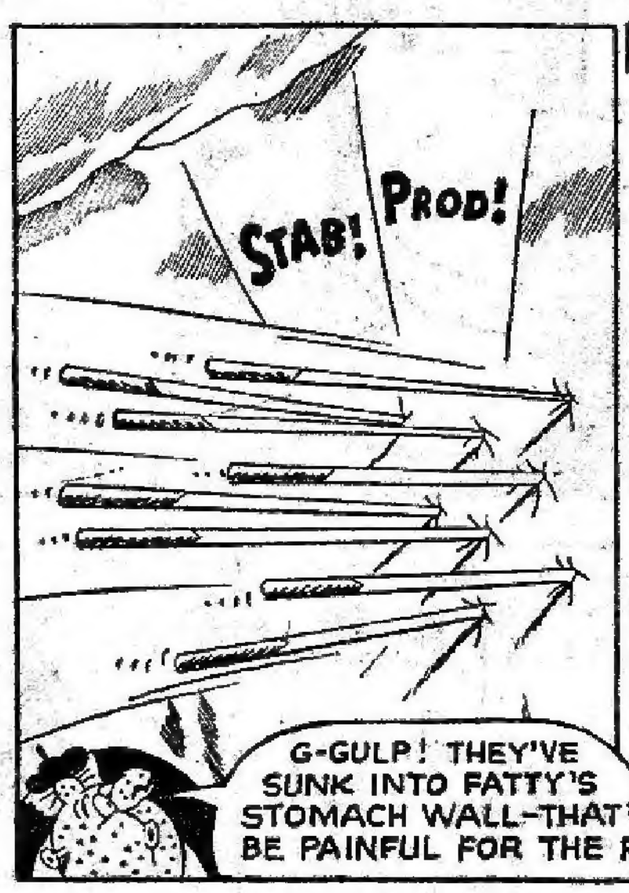

AAGH! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE? CALL THEM OFF! HELP! HELP!


WAA-AAH! YOU CAN HAVE YOUR BALL BACK—HERE IT IS! JUST CALL THOSE THINGS OFF! HELP!
THROW!

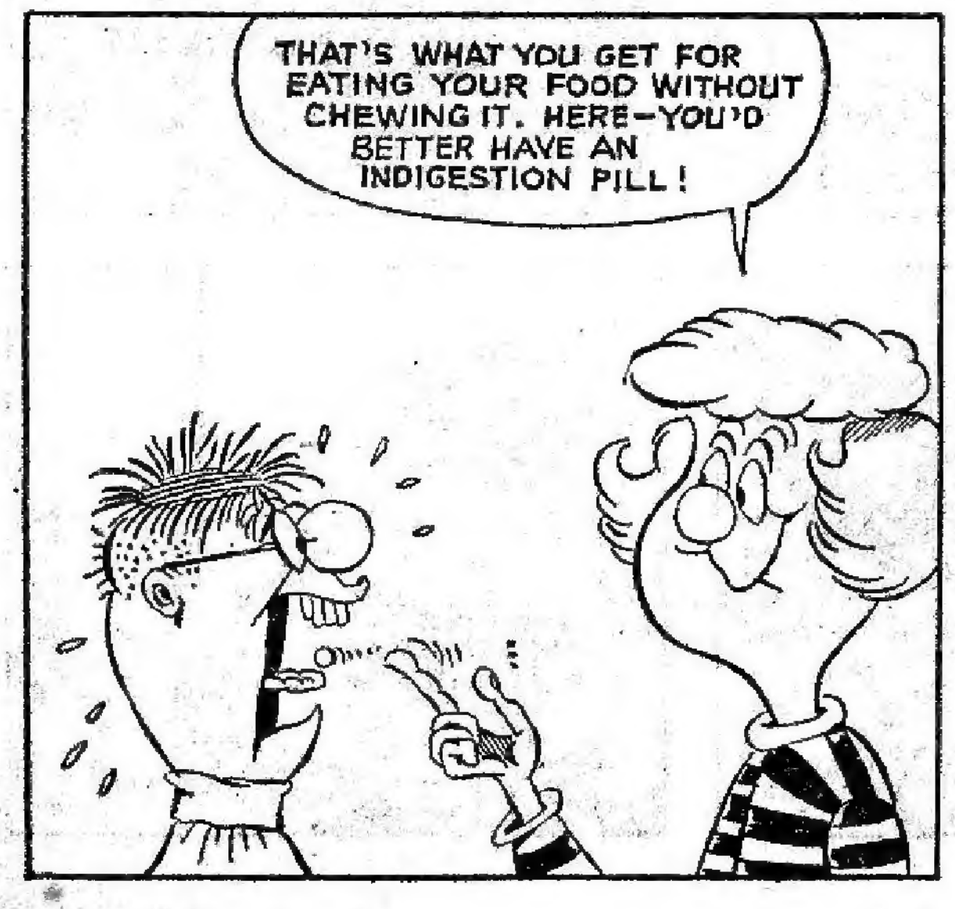
POOR MISGUIDED LITTLE FOOL—HOW CAN WE CALL THEM BACK?

WAA-AH!
HELP! WH-WHAT'S TERRY BEEN UP TO NOW?
STOMACH DEPARTMENT
ZOOM!

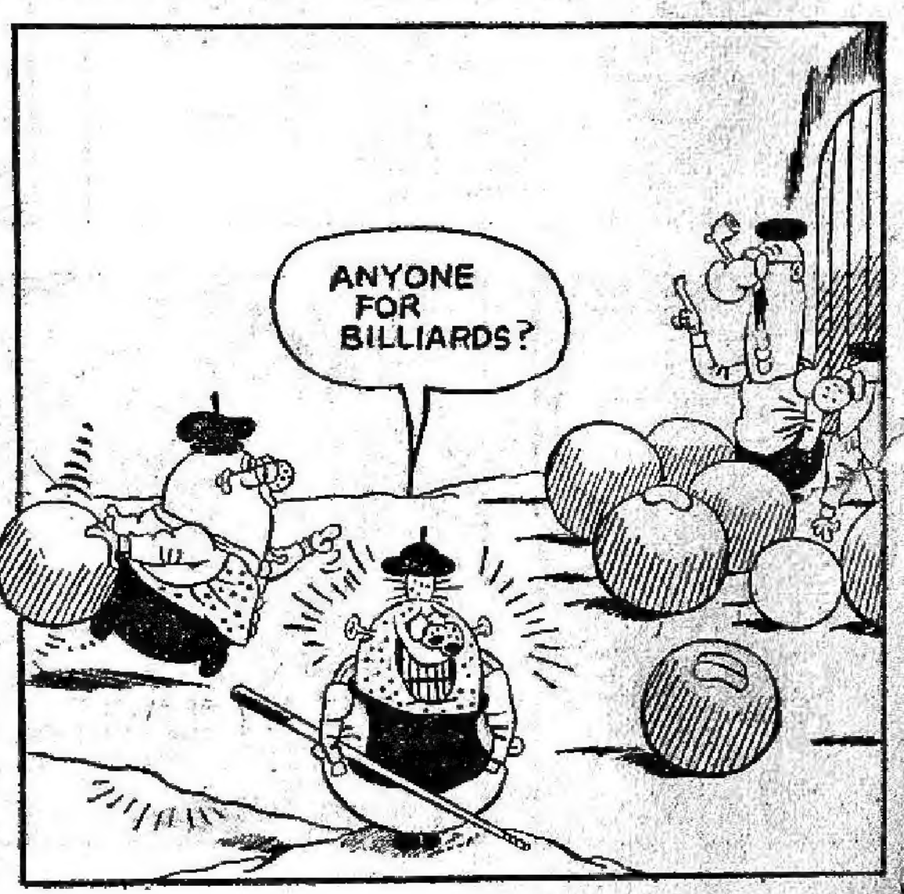

PHEW! LUCKY OLD ME—SOMEONE'S LEFT A PORE OPEN!

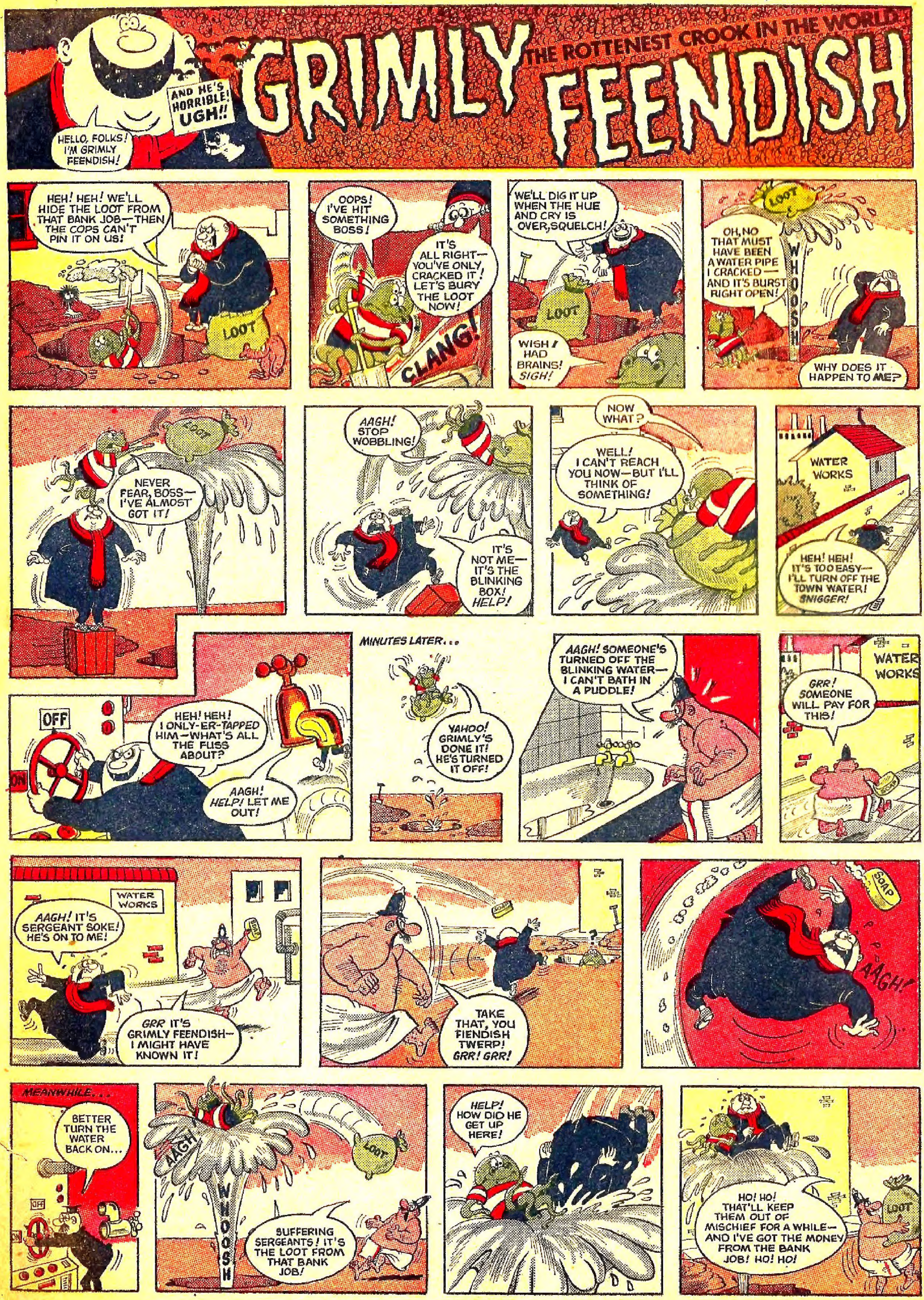

STAB! PROD!
G-GULP! THEY'VE SUNK INTO FATTY'S STOMACH WALL—THAT'LL BE PAINFUL FOR THE FAT ONE!

NOT HALF!
AAGH! ME TUM! ME TUM! OOH! OOH!


THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR EATING YOUR FOOD WITHOUT CHEWING IT. HERE—YOU'D BETTER HAVE AN INDIGESTION PILL!

YAHOO! GOOD OLD FATTY—HE'S SENT US A LITTLE WHITE BALL—WE CAN PLAY NOW!


ANYONE FOR BILLIARDS?

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD!